

The NEW
Vocal Miscellany.

Containing near 200

S O N G S,

Collected from the Writings of the
most celebrated Wits of the last
and present Age.

In Three PARTS.

- I. The Delights of the Bottle : or, Drinking Songs.
II. The Ladies Delight: or, Love Songs.
III. Songs, Comical, Humourous and Diverting.
-



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by the Bookfellers of *London and Westminster.*
(Price bound one Shilling.)



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T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE writing of Prefaces is so much in fashion, that we could not without appearing singular omit prefixing one to the following Sheets: In which we shall offer to our Readers a short Account concerning the elegant Composure of Songs in general, and Endeavour to give them some Idea wherein the true Beauty of that Species of Poetry does consist; together with some account relating to the present Collection.

In all Ages, and in every Nation where Poetry has been in Fashion, the tribe of Sonneteers has been very
A 2 numerous,

numerous; every pert young Fellow that has a roving Fancy and the least tinge of Verse in his Head, sets up for a writer of Songs, and resolves to immortalize his Bottle or his Mistress. What a world of insipid Productions in this Kind have we been pester'd with since the Revolution, to go no higher? This no doubt proceeds in a great Measure from not forming a right Judgment of these little Compositions; it is true, they do not require an Elevation of Thought, nor an extraordinary Capacity, nor an extensive Knowledge, but then, they demand great Regularity and the utmost Nicety; an exact purity of Style, with the most easy and flowing Numbers; an elegant, and unaffected turn of Wit with one uniform and simple Design.

A Song should be conducted like an Epigram, and the only difference between them is, that the one does not require the Lyrick Numbers, and is usually employ'd on satyrical Occasions,

P R E F A C E.

v

casions, whereas the Business of the other for the most part is to express, (as my Lord Roscommon translates it from Horace) *Loves pleasing Cares and the free Joys of Wine*. See *Guard*. No. 16.

According to the foregoing Rules, we have endeavour'd to Collect the following Songs, always chusing those that are esteem'd (by the best Judges) the most Entertaining and Delightful. We hope no Person will object against the smallness of this Volume, since it contains as much Variety as some Books of a far more extensive Bulk and Price, and considering the size, we hope the Judicious Readers will allow them, to be the best Collection of Songs ever publish'd.

THE

THE CONTENTS

J olly Mortals, fill your Glasses,	Page 1
Upbraid me not, capricious,	2
Bacchus must now,	ibid
Toby Swill	3
Thus we'll drown all Melancholly	ibid
From good Liquor ne'er shrink	4
Bacchus one Day	ibid
Hark, bark, the Huntsman	5
Whilst the Town	6
By drinking drive	ibid
Once in our lives	7
Come let us drink,	8
Should the storm blow high	ibid
You've heard, no doubt,	9
Let's be jovial,	ibid
As tippling John	10
Diogenes, surly and proud	11
Every Man take a Glass	13
Blow, blow, Boreas, blow,	14
I have been in Love, and in Debt,	15
How blest are beggar Lasses	ibid
Fill all the Glasses,	16
Come, jolly Bacchus,	17
While the Town agrees that Polly	ibid
Leave off this idle prating	18
When first to Cambridge	ibid
Here's to thee my Boy,	19
	Bacchus

Bacchus
Banish
I Sing
Come,
If Ph
Of al
Come,
Let us
This g
Some f
Thoug
Wine
What
While
Here'
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Come
Let S
Of a
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Come
How
Bacch
She
If w
If w
Of a
Here
A po
Say
Come
Ring
You

CONTENTS.

vii

	<i>Bacchus God of jovial Drinking</i>	19
	<i>Banish sorrow,</i>	20
	<i>I Sing mighty Markham's</i>	ibid
	<i>Come, my brave Hearts,</i>	21
	<i>If Phillis denies me Relief</i>	ibid
	<i>Of all the things beneath the Sun,</i>	22
	<i>Come, come, my Hearts of Gold,</i>	24
	<i>Let us drink and be merry</i>	25
	<i>This great world is a Trouble,</i>	27
	<i>Some say Women are like the Seas,</i>	28
	<i>Though envious old Age</i>	29
	<i>Wine's a Mistress gay and easy,</i>	ibid
	<i>What life can compare</i>	ibid
	<i>While Phillis is drinking,</i>	31
	<i>Here's a Health to to the King</i>	ibid
	<i>We'll drink, and we'll never</i>	32
	<i>The sages of old,</i>	33
	<i>He that will not merry,</i>	ibid
	<i>Oh! lead me to some peaceful Room</i>	34
	<i>Come, be free, my lovely Lasses,</i>	ibid
	<i>Come fill me a bumper,</i>	35
	<i>Let Soldiers fight for prey</i>	36
	<i>Of all Joys we e'er possess,</i>	ibid
	<i>If any so wise is,</i>	37
	<i>Come, all ye jolly Baccbanals,</i>	ibid
	<i>How happy are we,</i>	38
	<i>Bacchus, God of mortal Pleasure,</i>	39
	<i>She tells me with Claret</i>	ibid
	<i>If wine and musick</i>	40
	<i>If wine be a Cordial,</i>	ibid
	<i>Of all the Occupations</i>	41
	<i>Here's to thee, my Damon,</i>	42
	<i>A pox of this fooling,</i>	43
	<i>Say good Master Bacchus</i>	44
	<i>Come, fill me a Glass,</i>	ibid
	<i>Ring, ring the Bar-bell</i>	44
	<i>Young Bacchus when merry</i>	46

viii CONTENTS.

<i>The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain</i>	47
<i>Cupid God of pleasing,</i>	49
<i>My Goddess Celia,</i>	51
<i>'Twas when the Seas were roaring</i>	52
<i>Sweet are the Charms</i>	53
<i>Fly me not Sylvia,</i>	56
<i>Ye gentle Gales that fan the Air</i>	59
<i>What Beauties does Flora</i>	61
<i>Wast me some soft</i>	62
<i>The Lass of Peatties Mill</i>	63
<i>The play of Love,</i>	68
<i>A Cobler there was,</i>	71
<i>As I beneath the Myrtle</i>	74
<i>One April Morn,</i>	75
<i>As Damon late with Chloë sat</i>	77
<i>'Tis woman that seduces</i>	79
<i>What woman could do</i>	80
<i>Do not ask me charming Phillis</i>	84
<i>The bonny grey-ey'd Morn</i>	86
<i>Despairing beside a clear stream,</i>	89
<i>Ye Nymphs and ye Swains</i>	92
<i>Ye Powers, was Damon</i>	95
<i>Gently stir and blow the Fire</i>	97
<i>Trade's awry</i>	98
<i>Ghosts of e'ery Occupation</i>	99
<i>By the side of a great Kitchen-fire</i>	100
<i>The sweet rosy Morning</i>	102
<i>Go on you vile Sot</i>	105
<i>Ye winds to whom Collin complains</i>	106
<i>Ye Gods ye gave to me a wife</i>	108
<i>The terrible Law</i>	111
<i>Ye watchful Guardians of the Fair</i>	112
<i>On a grassy Pillow</i>	114
<i>Says my Uncle I pray now discover,</i>	115
<i>When mighty Roast-beef</i>	117
<i>What care I for affairs of state</i>	120
The	The



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The NEW Vocal Miscellany.

P A R T. I.

The Delights of the BOTTLE:
Or, a Choice Collection of Bacca-
nalian SONGS, &c.

Song 1. *Let's be jovial, fill our Glasses.*



Olly Mortals, fill your Glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the Nymph and all her
Graces,
Who'd for Love or Beauty
pine ?

Look within the Bowl that's
flowing,

And a thousand Charms you'll find,
More than *Phyllis*, though just going
In the Moment to be kind.

B

Alexander

2 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at Council board;
 He subdu'd the World by Drinking,
 More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

Song 2. *Upbraid me not, capricious, &c.*

Upbraide me not, capricious Fair,
 With drinking to Excess;
 I should not want to drown Despair,
 Were your Indifference less.
 Love me, my Dear, and you shall find,
 When this Excuse is gone,
 That all my Bliss, when *Chloe's* kind,
 All my Bliss, when *Chloe's* kind,
 Is fixt on her alone.
 The God of Wine the Victory
 To Beauty yields with Joy;
 The God, &c.
 For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
 When *Ariadne's* coy.
 For *Bacchus* only drinks, &c.

Song 3. *Bacchus must now his, &c.*

Bacchus must now his Power resign,
 I am the only God of Wine;
 It is not fit the Wretch should be
 In Competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.
 Make a new world, ye Pow'rs divine,
 Stock'd with nothing else but wine;
 Let wine its only Produce be,
 Let wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,
 And let that Wine be——all for me.
 Let other Mortals vainly wear
 A tedious Life in anxious Care;

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 3

Let the Ambitious toil and think,
Let States or Empires swim or sink,
My sole Ambition is to drink.

Song 4. *Toby Swill.*

TOBY Swill
Has ne'er his Fill,
Though he drinks from Night to Day;
But soon as e'er
The Reck ning's call'd,
Then Toby sneaks away.

Toby laughs,
And puns, and quaffs,
Until a Bi'll is call'd;
That strikes him dumb,
He's then hum-drum,
And all his Mirth is pall'd.
Pay but his Shot,
'Tis all forgot,
And he again is gay.
He'll stand the Rub
Of a whole Club,
To drink and not to pay.

Song 5. *Bacchus one Day gayly, &c.*

THUS we'll drown all Melancholy,
In a Glass of generous Wine;
Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,
And at Cares of Life repine:
But the brave and noble Spirit
Scorns such mean ignoble Views;
Whilst the world proclaims his Merit,
He sublimer Joys pursues.

4 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 6. *From good Liquor, &c.*

FROM good Liquor ne'er shrink,
 In Friendship we'll drink,
 And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow,
 Let us husband to-day,
 Time flies swift away,
 And no one's assur'd, no,
 No one's assur'd of to-morrow.
 Of all the grave Sages
 That grac'd the past Ages,
 Dad *Noah* the most did excel,
 He first planted the Vine,
 First tasted the Wine,
 And got nobly drunk,
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.
 Say, why should not we
 Get as bosky as he,
 Since here's Liquor as well will inspire?
 Thus I fill up my Glass,
 I'll see that it pass. To the *Manes*,
 To the *Manes*, to the *Manes* of that good old Sire.

Song 7. *Bacchus one Day, &c.*

Bacchus one Day gayly striding
 On his never failing Ton,
 Sneaking empty Pots deriding,
 Thus address'd each toping Son:
 Praise the Joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid Shrine;
 All things noble, gay, and airy,
 Are perform'd by generous Wine.
 Antient Heroes, crown'd with Glory.
 Owe their noble Rise to me;

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 5

Poets wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my Divinity;
It my Influence is wanting,
Musick's Charms but slowly move
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.
If you crave a lasting Pleasure,
Mortals, this way bend your Eyes;
From my everflowing Treasure
Charming Scenes of Bliss arise:
Here's the soothing, balmy Blessing,
Sole Dispeller of your Pain;
Gloomy souls from Care releasing;
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

Song 8. *Hark, hark, the Huntsman sounds, &c.*

HArk, hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn,
Let's tripple away the rosy Morn, *ton, ton, ton*
We'll hunt the Bottle from Sun to Sun,
And hallow the Glasses the Course to run.
Ton, ton, &c.

Each merry young Toper a Huntsman shall be,
And instead of a green wear a red Livery, *ton, &c.*
We'll scorn their Bows, their Arrows, and Guns,
We'll hunt with long Pipes, and ride upon Tuns,
Ton, ton, &c.

When thus reviv'd, we'll merrily sing,
And joining Chorus make the Woods ring, *ton, &c.*
Our Game we'll eagerly pursue,
Our Glasses filling, our Cause renew.
Ton, ton, &c.

Our song shall reach the distant Plain,
And Eccho shall summon the weary Swain. *ton,*
The

6 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

The welcome sport he gladly hears,
His Toil and Labour no more fears.

Ton, ton, &c.

As through the wound the Blood does pass,
He boldly ventures to fill his Glass, *ton, &c.*
Nor fears to taste the flowing Gore,
But hunting and drinking, still hunts for more.
Ton, ton, &c.

Then fill your Glasses merrily round,
Since thus supply'd with Hare and Hound, *ton, &c.*
While chearful *Bacchus* leads us on,
We'll follow in Chorus with sprightly.
Ton, ton, &c.

Song 9. *Whilst the Town's brimfull of Folly.*

WHILE the Town's brim-full of Folly,
And runs gadding after Polly,
Let us take a chearful Glass.
Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleasure
Of bestowing Time and Treasure,
For to make one's self an Ass?
Tell me, &c.

I am for Joys are less expensive,
Where the Pleasure's more extensive,
And from dull Attention free;
Where my *Celia*, o'er a Bottle,
Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,
Sing old Songs as well as she.

Song 10. *Dainty Davy.*

BY drinking drive dull Care away,
Be brisk and airy,
Never vary,

In

The New Vocal Miscellany. 7

In your Tempers, but be gay,
Let Mirth know no Cessation;
We all were born (Mankind agree)
From dull Reflection to be free,
But he that drinks not cannot be:
Then answer your Creation.

When *Cupid* wounds, grave *Hymen* heals,
Then all our whining,
Wishing, striving,
To embrace what Beauty yields,
Is left when in possession;
But *Bacchus* sends such Treasure forth,
Possession never palls its worth,
We always wish for't from our Birth,
And shall for ever wish-on.

All Malice here is flung aside,
Each takes his Glass,
No Healths do pass,
Nor Party Fends here e'er abide,
They nought but Ill occasion;
We only meet to celebrate,
The Day which brought us to this State,
But not to curse, nor yet to hate,
The Hour of our Creation.

Song II. *Once in our lives.*

O NCE in our lives,
Let us drink to our wives,
Though their numbers be but small;
Heaven take the best,
And the Devil take the rest,
And so we shall get rid of them all:
To this hearty wish
Let each Man take his dish,
And drink, drink till he fall.

8 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 12. *Come, let us drink.*

COME, let us drink,
 'Tis in vain to think,
 Like Fools on Grief or Sadness;
 Let our Money fly,
 And our Sorrow die,
 All worldly Care is Madness.
 But Wine, and good Chear,
 Will, in spite of our Fear,
 Inspire our Hearts with Mirth, Boys:
 The Time we live,
 To Wine let us give,
 Since all must turn to Earth, Boys.
 Hand about the Bowl,
 The Delight of my Soul,
 And to my Hand commend it:
 A fig for Chink,
 'Twas made to buy Drink,
 And before we go hence we'll spend it.

Song 13. *On a Bank of Flowers.*

SHould the storm blow high,
 And cloud the Sky,
 What care such Souls as we?
 Let the Thunder roll,
 Till it shakes the Bowl,
 It rolls in vain to me:
 To the roaring Sound,
 Let the Glafs go round;
 While the world shall ring,
 To the Tunes we sing;
 With a *Fal la la*,
 And I drink with Joy to thee.

Song

The New Vocal Miscellany. 9

Song 14. *As I went over London-Bridge.*

YOU've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe,
Was soak'd of old with *Noah's Flood*,
See! here's a Globe that holds a Sea!
A Sea of Liquor twice as good!

Tol dol de rol.

Had *Noah's* been a Flood like this,
And *Anak's* Sons such souls as I;
They'd drank the Deluge as it rose,
And left the Ark, like *Noah*, dry.

Tol dol de rol.

Song 15. *Jolly Mortals fill, &c.*

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by Asses,
And the wise are sway'd by Chink.

Then never let vain Cares oppress us;
Riches are to them a Snare:
W'ere ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,
While our Bottle drowns our Care.

Wine will make us red as Roses,
And our Sorrows quite forget;
Come, let's fuddle all our Noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
We are toping off our Bowls;
Bacchus joining in the Chorus,
Death be gone, here's none but Souls.

Godlike *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling Dearth away shall fly;
Ever after understanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

10 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 16. *As tippling John, &c.*

AS tippling *John* was jogging on,
 Upon a Riot Night,
 With tottering Pace, and fiery Face,
 Suspicious of high Flight:
 The Guards, who took him by his Look,
 For some chief Firebrand,
 Ask'd, whence he came? what was his Name?
 Who are you? stand, Friend, stand.
 I am going home; from Meeting come.
 Ay, says one, that's the Case;
 Some Meeting he has burnt, you see,
 The Flames still in his Face.
John thought 'twas time to purge the Crime,
 And said, 'twas his Intent,
 For to assuage his thirsty Rage;
 That Meeting 'twas he meant.
 Come, Friend, be plain: you trifle in vain,
 Says one, pray let us know;
 That we may find how you're inclin'd;
 Are you High-Church, or Low?
John said to that, I'll tell ye what,
 To end Debates and Strife;
 All I can say, this is the way
 I steer my Course of Life.
 I ne'er to Bow, nor *Burgess* go,
 To Steeple-house, nor Hall;
 The brisk Bar-bell best suits my Zeal,
 With, Gentlemen, d'ye call?
 Now judge, am I Low-Church, or High?
 From Tavern, or the Steeple,
 Whose merry Toll exalts the Soul,
 And makes us high-flown People.

The

The New Vocal Miscellany. 11

The Guards come on, and look'd at *John*,
With Countenance most pleasant :
By whisper round, they all soon found,
He was no dangerous Peasant :
So while *John* stood, the best he could,
Expecting their Decision ;
Pox on't, says one, let him be gone,
He's of our own Religion.

Song 17. *Tippling Philosophers.*

D*iogenes*, furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there is Truth :
But growing as poor as *Job*,
And unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the Cask,
And liv'd by the scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
A Bumper, to cherish his Heart ;
And when he was maudlin, would cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart :
Though some were so foolish to think,
He wept at Men's Folly and Vice ;
When 'twas only his Custom to drink,
'Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes,
'Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad,
To tittle, and cherish his Soul ;
Wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
When over a jolly full Bowl :
While his Cellar with wine was well stor'd,
His Liquor wou'd merrily quaff ;

And

12 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At those that were sober he'd laugh,
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine :
And knew that a Cup of the best,
Made Reason the brighter to shine :
With wine he replenish'd his Veins,
And made his Philosophy reel ;
Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round, like a Chariot-wheel,
Turn'd round, like a Chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Atts,
Had been but a Dunce without wine ;
For what we ascribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine :
His Belly, some Authors agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough ;
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Because he'd have Liquor enough,
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

When *Pyrrho* had taken a Glass,
He saw that no Object appear'd,
Exactly the same as it was,
Before he had liquor'd his Beard ;
For things running round in his Drink,
Which sober he motionless found,
Occasion'd the Sceptick to think
There was nothing of truth to be found,
There was nothing of truth to be found.
Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
Who wisely to Virtue was prone,
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits had never been known :

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 13

By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes Fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er should had
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings,
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

Song 18. *A Health to all honest Men.*

E Very Man take a Glass in his Hand,
And drink a good Health to our King;
Many Years may he rule o'er this Land;
May his Laurels for ever fresh spring.
Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,
Let ev'ry Man strive for his Country's Peace;
Neither Tory, nor Whig,
With their Parties look big,
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical Name,
That proves a Man loyal and just;
Let him fight for his Country's Fame,
Be impartial at home, if in trust;
'Tis this that proves him an honest Soul,
His Health we'll drink in a brim-full Bowl:
Then let's leave off Debate,
No Confusion create:
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

When a Company's honestly met,
With Intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping Spirits to whet,
And drown the Fatigues of the Day;
What Madness is it thus to dispute,
When neither side can his Man confute?
When you've said what you dare,
You're but just where you were,
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

By

Then

14 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
 And ne'er quarrel about a Nick-name;
 Let your Enemies trembling see,
 That ad *Englisman's* always the same;
 For our King, our Church, our Laws, and Right,
 Let's lay by all Feuds, and straight unite,
 Then who need care a-fig,
 Who's Tory or Whig:
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

Song 19. *Blow, Boreas, blow.*

BLOW, blow, *Boreas*, blow, and let thy furly
 Winds,
 Make the Billows foam and roar;
 Thou canst no terror breed in valiant Minds,
 But spite of thee we'll live, and find a shore.
 Then cheer, my Mates, and be not aw'd,
 But keep the Gun-Room clear;
 Tho' Hell's broke loose, & the Devils roar abroad
 Whilst we have Sea-room here, Boys, never fear.
 Hey! how she tosses up, how far!
 The mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star;
 The Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came;
 And, Salamander like, we liv'd in Flame.
 But now, now we sink! now, now we go
 Down to the deepest Shades below:
 Alas! alas! where are we now!
 Who, who can tell? Sure 'tis the lowest Room
 Or where the Sea-Gods dwell: (of Hell,
 With them we'll live, with them we'll live & reign
 With them we'll laugh, & sing, and drink amain:
 But see! we mount! see! see! we rise again!

Song

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 15

Song 20. *I have been in Love.*

I Have been in Love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many Year:
And those are three Plagues enough I should think
For one poor Mortal to bear.
'Twas Love made me fall into Drink.
And Drink made me run into Debt;
And tho' I have struggled, & struggled, & strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.
There's nothing but Money can cure me,
And rid me of all my Pain;
'Twill pay all my Debts,
And remove all my Letts;
And my Mistress, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again: (again.
'Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking

Song 21. *Talk no more of Whig, &c.*

How blest are Beggar-Lasses,
Who never toil for treasure?
We know no care, but how to share
Each Day's successive Pleasure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with Bliss abound;
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.
Adieu for gaudy Fashions
No want of Cloths oppresses;
We live at ease, with Rags and Fleas;
We value not our Dresses.
Drink away, &c.
We scorn all Ladies Washes
With which they spoil each Feature:

16 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint ;
We live in simple Nature.

Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,
At Morn or Ev'ning teaze us ;
We drink not Tea, or Ratifée ;
When sick, a Dram can ease us.

Drink, away, &c.

What Ladies act in private,
By Nature's soft compliance,
We think no Crime, when in our prime
To kiss without a Licence.

Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame, or Scandal,
The Beggars Law befriends us ;

We all agree in Liberty,
And Poverty defends us,

Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-Wenches,
Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow :

We live to-day, and ne'er delay,
Our Pleasure 'till to morrow.

Drink away, &c.

Song 22. *Fill all the Glasses.*

FILL all the Glasses, fill 'em high,
Drink, drink, and defy all Power but Love ;
Wine gives the Slave his Liberty ;
But Love makes a Slave of thundering Jove.

Drink, drink away, Make a Night of the Day,
'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine ; The pleasures of
Free from Anguish and Strife, (Life,
Are owing to Love, and good Wine.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 17

Song 23. *Charles of Sweden.*

Come, jolly *Bacchus* God of wine,
Crown this Night with Pleasure:
Let none at Cares of Life repine,
To destroy our Pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal Soul,
May drink, and sing, without controul
To support our Pleasure.

Thus, mighty *Bacchus*, shalt thou be,
Guardian to our Pleasure;
That under thy Protection, we
May enjoy new Pleasure:
And, as the Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And sing thy Praises, that we may
Live and die with Pleasure.

Song 24. *Whilst the Town agrees that Polly.*

While the Town agrees that *Polly*,
Best diverts our Melancholy,
Let us toast the sprightly, sprightly Lads;
Heedless of the Time and Treasure,
Spent on her who gives such Pleasure;
Drink, and put about the Glass,
Drink, and, &c.

Polly's Charms are so extensive,
That the chearful, grave, and pensive,
Equally their power, equally their power obey;
In Bed, or o'er a Bottle,
Full of wit, and amorous prattle,
Pretty *Polly's* always gay,
Pretty *Polly's* always gay.

Song

18 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 25. *How blest are Beggars, &c.*

Leave off this idle Prating,
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory* ;
But drink your Glass, round let it pass
The Bottle stands before ye.

Chorus. *Fill it up, to the top,*
Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd :

Drink about, see it out,
Love and Friendship still go round.

If Claret be a blessing, This night devote to plea-
Let worldly cares, and State-affairs, (sure ;
Be thought on at more leisure. *Fill it up, &c.*

If any is so zealous, To be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink like me, we'll soon agree,
And be of one Opinion. *Fill it up, &c.*

Song 26. *To you, fair Ladies.*

When first to *Cambridge* we do come,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

From Mamma's dear beloved Home, *Tol deral,*
First, we must have a Cap and Gown,
And next, the prettiest Girl in Town. *Tol, deral.*

Then next, a Tutor we must have, *Tol, lol, &c.*
'Tis ten to one he proves a Knave, *Tol, lol. &c.*

Who minds not what we do all Day,
So we come home at Night to pray. *Tol, &c.*

Then strait he buys us *Aristotle,* *Tol, lol. &c.*
Which we pawn often for a Bottle ; *Tol. &c.*

And *Euclid's Elements* must pack,
For a better Element, the Sack. *Tol, deral, &c.*

Then he writes home unto our Friends, *Tol. &c.*
For Money, to serve his own ends, *Tol, deral, &c.*

Which he keeps safe lock'd up in Trunk,
Whilst we abroad are ticking drunk. *Tol. &c.*

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The New Vocal Miscellany, 19

There's *item*, for *Homer*, that blind Poet, *Tol.*
Be sure your Tutor does not know it: *Tol. &c.*
We'll smoak, and drink, and merry be,
Until we are as blind as he. *Tol, deral, &c.*
Then hang all studying to no end, *Tol. &c.*
Enjoy your Bottle, and your Friend: *Tol. &c.*
We'll drink, and smoak, and take our fill,
We may be Parsons when we will. *Tol, deral, &c.*

Song 27. *Here's to thee, my Boy.*

Here's to thee, my Boy, my Darling, my Joy,
For a Toper I love, as my Life, I love &c.
Who ne'er baulks his Glass, nor cries like an ass,
To go home to his Mistress & Wife, To go, &c.
But heartily quaffs, sing catches, and laughs,
All the Night he looks jovial and gay, Looks &c.
When Morning appears, then homeward he steers
To snore out the rest of the Day, to snore, &c.
He feels not the Cares, the Griefs, or the Fears,
That the sober too often attend, Too often, &c.
Nor knows he a Loss, Disturbance, or Cross,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

Song 28. *Cupid, God of pleasing, &c.*

Bacchus, God of jovial Drinking,
Keep th'enamour'd Fool from thinking,
Teach him wine's great Power to know :
Heroes would be lost in Battle,
If not cherish'd by the Bottle,
Wine does all that's great above,
Wine does all that's great below.

Song

20 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 29. *Haymaker's Dance, in Dr. Faustus.*

Banish sorrow, let's drink, and be merry, Boys,
Time flies swift, to-morrow bring Care;
If you believe it, Drink and deceive it,
Wine will relieve it, And drown despair.

*Chor. The sweets of wine are found in possessing,
Its juice divine, Mankind's chiefest Blessing;
The Glass is thine, drink, there's no Excess in
A Bumper or two, with a chearful Friend.*

'Tis wine gives strength, when nature's exhausted;
Heals the sick Man, frees the slave;
Makes the stiff stumble, And the proud humble,
Exalts the Meek, And makes Cowards brave.

Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous Lover,
Be brisk with your Mistress, Denials despise;
She'll cry, you'll undo her, But be a brisk woer'
Attack her, pursue her, You'll gain the prize.

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly sorrow,
Then who'd omit the pleasing Task;
Since wine's sweet society, Eases anxiety,
Damn dull Sobriety; Bring t'other Flask. *Chor.*

Song 30. *Duke of —'s March.*

I Sing mighty *Markham's* Guller;
For when to his head, He claps a bottle of red
No Devil like him can pull it:

His Fame shall never be dead:
He toses off *Nantz* by the Flaggon,
Till he spits out Fire, like a Dragon;
He was never heard to say, he'd enough, & away,
But would stay till he'd spent ev'ry Rag on.

Damn'd Niggards, I can't abide 'em: (wine,
The *Canaries* & the *Rhine*, Can't furnish me with
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The New Vocal Miscellany: 21

Drawer, fetch me a Hoghead to stride on,
And call me God of the Vine.
With Clusters of Grapes come crown me,
Let a Deluge of Liquor flow round me ;
For my Living I would chuse,
In an Element of Booze,
For an Ocean of it can't drown me.

Let the *Dutch*, and the *Germans* thunder,
Revel Sun from Sun, drink Tun upon Tun,
I'll make the d—d Dogs knock under ;
Still as fresh as when I begun ;
Bacchus, come drink, and be poxed,
Your Nose shall soon be foxed :
Sipping Gallons at a Draught,
Can't serve my thirsty Throat,
For I never tope less than a Hoghead.

Song 31. *Birth of Harlequin.*

COME, my brave Hearts, be merry, cherry
Let us this Night with Pleasure crown.
Come, my brave Hearts, be merry, cherry,
While *Bacchus* showers such Treasure down.
Drink, drink away, be ever gay ;
Care's decline, whan brisk wine, bears sway.
Come, my brave Hearts, &c.

Song 32. *If Phillis denies me, &c.*

IF *Phillis* denies me Relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine :
Though she laughs at my amorous grief,
At my Mirth why should she repine ?
The sparkling Champaign shall remove
All the Grievs my dull Soul has in store :

My

22 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

My Reason I lost when I lov'd,
By drinking, what can I do more ?
Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my am'rous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

Song 33. *Greenwood Tree.*

OF all the things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greatest Curse ;
If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not, 'tis ten times worse.
Poor *Adam*, by his wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd some Years ago ;
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were so.
Lovers the strangest Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs pursue,
Which they will ne'er believe, 'till wed,
But then, alas ! 'tis true,
They beg, they pray, and they adore,
'Till weary'd out of Life ;
And pray, what's all this Trouble for ?
Why truly, for a wife.
How odd a thing's a whining Sor,
Who sighs, in greatest Need,
For that, which soon as ever got,
Does make him sigh indeed.
Each Maid's an angel whilst she's woo'd,
But when the wooing's done,
The wife, instead of Flesh and Blood,
Proves nothing but a Bone.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 23

Ills, more or less, in human Life,
No mortal Man can shun ;
But when a Man has got a wife,
He has them all in one.

The Liver of *Prometheus*
A gnawing Vulture fed ;
A Fable, that the thing was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

A wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was *Tantalus's* Curse ;
The Apples which did tempt him so,
Were nought but a Divorce.
Let no Fool dream, that to his Share,
A better wife will fall ;
They're all the same, faith, to a Hair,
For they are women all.

When first the senseless empty Nokes,
With wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the Sticks,
That they would let him in.
Yet for a Lover we may say,
He wears no cheating Phiz ;
Though others Looks do oft betray
He looks like what he is.

More Joys a glass of wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainsays)
Than all the wenches, sprung from *Eve*
E'er gave in all their Days.
But come, to Lovers here's a Glass,
God-wot, they need no Curse :
Each wishes he may wed his Lass,
No Soul can wish him worse.

24 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song. 34. *Old Sir Simon, &c.*

COME, come, my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be merry, and wise,
It is a Proverb of old,
Suspicion hath double Eyes;
Whatsoever we say, or do,
Let's not drink to disturb the Brain,
Let's laugh for an Hour or two,
And ne'er be drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
To drive the cold winter away;
'Twill cherish, and comfort the Blood
Most when a Man's Spirit decay:
But he that doth drink too much,
Of his Head he will complain;
Then let's have a gentle Touch,
And ne'er be drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,
But Man was not made for it;
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our wit:
Good-fellowship is abus'd,
And wine will infect the Brain.
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with Good-Fellows we meet.
A Quart among three or four,
'Twill make us stand on our Feet,
While others lie drunk on the floor.
Then, Drawer, go fill us a Quart,
And let it be Claret in grain;
'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

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The New Vocal Miscellany: 25

Here's a Health to our noble King,
And to the Queen of his Heart ;
Let's laugh, and merrily sing,
And he's a Coward that will start :
Here's a Health to our General,
And to those that were in *Spain*,
And to our Colonel,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a Feast,
If a Man did but Measure know ;
A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,
For he'll drink till he cannot go.
If a Man could Time recall,
In a Tavern that's spent in vain,
We'd learn to sober all,
And ne'er be drunk again.

Song 35. *An hundred Years hence.*

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret, and Sherry,
Theorbo, and Voice :
The changeable world
To our Joy is unjust
All Treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your Dust :
In Frolicks dispose,
Your Pounds, Shillings & Pence
For we shall be nothing
An hundred Years hence.

We'll kifs, and be free,
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oysters, and Lobsters,
And Maids by the Belly

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26 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Fish-Dinners will make
 A Lais spring like a Flea;
 Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddess)
 Was born of the Sea:
 With *Bacchus*, and with her,
 We'll tickle the Sense,
 For we shall be past it
 An hundred Years hence.

The most beautiful Bir,
 That hath all Eyes upon her,
 That her Honesty sells,
 For a Hautgoust of Honour;
 Whose Lightness, and Brightness,
 Doth shine in such Splendor,
 That none but the Stars
 Are thought fit to attend her:
 Though now she be pleasant,
 And sweet to the Sense,
 Will be damnable mouldy
 An hundred Years hence.

The Usurer, that
 In the Hundred takes Twenty,
 Who wants in his Wealth,
 And pines in his Plenty,
 Lays up for a Season
 Which he shall ne'er see,
 The Year One-thousand
 Eight-hundred and three:
 His wit, and his wealth,
 His learning, and sense,
 Shall be turned to nothing
 An hundred Years hence.

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You Chancery-Lawyers,
 Whose Subtilty thrives,
 In spinning out Suits
 To the length of three Lives;
 Such Suits which the Clients
 Do wear out in slavery,
 Whilst Pleader makes Conscience
 A Cloak for his Knav'ry:
 May boast of Subtilty,
 In the present Tense,
 But *Non est inventus*
 An hundred Years hence.

Then why should we turmoil
 In Cares and all Fears,
 Turn all our Tranquillity
 To Sighs and Tears;
 Let's eat, drink, and play,
 'Till the worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain, *post mortem*
Nulla voluptas:
 Let's deal with our Damsels,
 That we may from thence,
 Have Broods to succeed us
 An hundred Years hence.

Song 36. *This great World, &c.*

THis great world is a Trouble,
 Where all must their Fortunes bear;
 Make the most of the Bubble,
 You'll have but Neighbours Fare.

Let not Jealousy tease ye,
 Think of nought but to please ye;
 What's past, 'tis but in vain,
 For Mortals to wish again,

28 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

When dull Cares do attack ye,
Drinking will those Clouds repel ;
Four good Bottles will make ye
Happy, they seldom fail.

If a fifth should be wanted,
Ask the Gods, 'twill be granted ;
Thus, with Ease, you'll obtain
A Remedy for all Pain.

Song 37. *Some say Women, &c.*

Some say, Women are like the Seas,
Some the Waves, and some the Rooks :
Some, the Rose that soon decays ;
Some the *Weather*, some the Cocks :
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well,

As wine, wine, Women, and wine ;
They run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

Women are witches, when they will,
So is wine, so is wine ;
They make the Statesman lose his skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine ;
They put a Jig in the gravest Skull,
And send their wits to gather wool :

'Tis wine, &c.

What is't that makes your Visage so pale ?
What is't that makes your Looks divine ?
What is't that makes your Courage to fail ?
Is it not Women ? Is it not wine ?

'Tis wine will make you sick when you're well ;

'Tis women that make your Forehead to swell :

'Tis wine, &c.

Song

The New Vocal Miscellany, 29

Song 38. *Tho' envious old Age.*

THough envious old Age
Seems in part to impair me,
And make me the sport
Of the wanton and gay ;
Brisk wine shall recruit,
As Life's winter does wear me ;
And still I've a Heart
To do what I may.

Then *Venus* bestow me some Damsel of beauty ;
Here's *Bacchus* shall give me a cherishing glass ;
Silenus, tho' old, shall to both do his Duty ;
And now clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the Lads
'The Lads, the Bottle, the Bottle, the Lads,
And now clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the Lads

Song 39. *Wine's a Mistress.*

Wine's a Mistress gay and easy,
Ever free to give Delight ;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the Bottle sets all right.
Who would leave a lasting Treasure,
'To embrace a childish Pleasure,
Which soon as tasted takes its Flight ?
Pierce the Cask of gen'rous Claret,
Rouze your Hearts, e'er 'tis too late ;
Fill the Goblet, never spare it,
That's your Armour 'gainst all Fate.

Song 40. *Jolly Town Rakes.*

WHat life can compare with a jolly Town-rake
When in his full swing of all pleasure he
At Noon he gets up, for a whet, and to dine ; (takes
And wings the swift Hours, with Mirth, Musick
and Wine.

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30 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Then jogs to the Play-house, and chats with the
Masks, (Flasks;

And thence to the *Rose*, where he takes his three
There, great as a *Casár* he revels, when drunk,
And scours all he meets, as he reels to his Purk,
And finds the dear Girl in his Arms, when he
wakes:

What Life can compare to the jolly Town-rakes?

He, like the great *Turk*, has his fav'rite she,
But the Town's his Seraglio, & still he lives free:
Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range,
Black Betty, or Oyster Moll, serve for a Change.

As he varies his Sports, his whole Life is a Feast
He thinks him that's soberest the most like a Beast:
At Houses of Pleasure breaks Windows and Doors,
Kicks Bullies, and Cullies, then lies with their
Whores.

Rare work for the Surgeon & Midwife he makes:
What life can compare with the jolly Town-rakes?

Thus in *Covent-garden* he makes his Campaigns,
And no Coffee-house haunts, but to settle his brains
He laughs at dry Morals, and never does think,
Unless 'tis to get the best Wenches, and Drink.
He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,
And improving his Hours, lives an Age in a Year.
For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,
And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast;
Then leaps in the dark, and his Exit he makes:
What Death can compare with the jolly Town-
Rake's?

The New Vocal Miscellany. 31

Song 41. *While Phillis is drinking.*

WHile *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,
With Forces united, bids resistless Defiance;
By the Touch of her Lips the wine sparkles higher
And her Eyes from her Drinking, redouble, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh Odour;
His dart dipt in wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love, & Desiring;
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever, are ever a tasting.

Then *Phillis*, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss, and a Glass, be still going round;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the Bottle to Love.

Song 42. *Here's a Health to the King.*

Here's a Health to the K. and a lasting Peace,
May Faction be damn'd, and Discord cease;
Come, let us drink it, while we've Breath,
For there's no drinking after Death:
And he that won't with this comply,

Down among the dead Men,

Down among the dead Men,

Down, Down among the dead Men, let him lie.

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Now

32 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Now a Health to the Queen, and may the long
 B'our fi st fair Toast, to grace our Song ;
 Off wi' your Hats, wi' your Knee on the Ground,
 'Take off your Bumpers all around ;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c.

Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
 In whom celestial Joys are found ;
 And may confusion still pursue,
 The senseless Woman-hating Crew :
 And he that will this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to 'Trade, and the Common weal,
 And Patriots to their Country leal ;
 But who for Bribes gives Satan his Soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing Bowl :
 And all that with such Rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In smiling Bacchus's Joys I'll roll,
 Deny no Pleasures to my Soul :
 Let Bacchus's Health round swiftly move,
 For Bacchus is a Friend to Love :
 And he that doth this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

Song 43. *We'll drink, and will never.*

WE'll drink, & we'll never have done, Boys,
 Put the glass then around with the Sun,
 Let Apollo's Example invite us, (Boys ;
 For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next Morning to light us.
 Drinking's a Christian Diversion,
 Unknown to the Turk, and the Persian,

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 33

Let *Mahometan* Fools
Live by heathenish Rules,
And dream o'er their Tea pots, and Coffee ;
While the brave *Britons* sing,
And drink Healths to the King,
And a-fig for their Sultan, and Sopl-y.

Song 44. *Come, let us prepare.*

THE sages of old, in Prophecy told
The Cause of a Nation's undoing ;
But our new *English* breed, no Prophecies need,
For each one here seeks his own Ruin.
With grumbling and jars, we promote civil wars,
And preach up false Tenets to many ;
We snarl, and we bite, we rail, and we fight
For Religion, yet no Man has any.
Then him let's commend, that's true to his Friend
And the Church and the Senate would settle ;
Who delights not in Blood, but draws when he
And bravely stands brunt to the Battle. (shon'd,
Who rails not at Kings, nor politick things,
Nor Treason will speak when he's mellow ;
But takes a full glass, to his Country's success:
This, this is an honest, brave Fellow.

Song 45. *He that will not merry merry be.*

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous Bowl and a Toast,
May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
And fast bound to a Post.
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here :
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another Year?

34 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his Glass in course,
May he b'oblig'd to drink small Beer,
Ne'er a Penny in his Purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife.
To confound him with her Noise:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his Mistress in his Bed;
Let him be buried in the Church-Yard,
And me put in his stead:
Let him be merry, &c.

Song 46. *Oh! lead me to some, &c.*

OH! lead me to some peaceful Room,
Where none but honest Fellows come;
Where wives loud Clappers never sound,
But an eternal Laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my Pain,
And never think of Home again:
What Comfort can a Husband have,
To rule the House where he's a Slave?

Song 47. *Come, be free, &c.*

Come, be free, my lovely Lasses,
Banish dull restraining Pride;
Now we're o'er our generous Glasses,
Let the Mask be thrown aside.
With our wit sweet Kisses blending,
You its Virtues shall improve;

Wine

The New Vocal Miscellany. 35

Wine our warm Desires befriending,
Shall increase the power of Love.

Squeamish Prudes may take occasion,
Whilst they burn with inward Fire,
To condemn a generous Passion,
Which they never could inspire:
But how curs'd is their Condition,
Whilst in us they Freedom blame?
Every Night pant for Fruition,
Yet find none to meet their Flame.

Song 48. *When she came then she bob'd.*

Come fill me a Bumper, my jolly, brave Boys;
Let's have no more female Impert'nence
and Noise; (Love,
For I've try'd the Endearments and Pleasures of
And I find they're but nonsense & whimsies by *Jove*

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a Fool, and she sigh'd like a Saint:
But I found her Religion, her Face & her Love,
Were Hypocrisy, Paint, & Self-interest, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cicely* came next, with her languishing Air,
Her out-side was orderly, modest, and fair;
But her Soul was sophisticate, so was her Love,
For I found she was only a Strumpet, by *Jove*.

Little double-gilt *Fenny's* gold charm'd me at last,
(You know Marriage & Money together does best)
But the Baggage forgetting her vows & her love,
Gave her gold to a sniv'ling, dull Coxcomb, by
Jove.

36 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Come fill me a Bumper then, jolly, brave Boys,
Here's a farewell to female Impert'nence & Noise;
I know few of the Sex that are worthy my Love,
And for strumpets & jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

Song 49. *Let Soldiers fight.*

LET Soldiers fight for Prey or Praise,
And Money be the Miser's wish;
Poor Scholars study all their Days,

And Gluttons glory in their Dish:
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad Souls,
Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.

Let Minions marshal ev'ry Hair,
And in a Lover's Lock delight,
And artificial Colours wear;

Pure wine is native red and white:
'Tis wine, &c.

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the Heart that loves to save,
And Kindness flows from Cups brim-full:
'Tis wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,
Some want a wife, and some a Punk,
Some Men want wit, and others wealth;
But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis wine, &c.

Song 50. *Of all Joys, &c.*

OF all Joys we e'er possess,
Love and Wine are still the best;
Sweetly they by turns controul,
Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 37

Wealth and Power strive in vain,
Equal Happiness to gain.
Wine superior Joy doth prove,
And in sober Seasons, Love.
Of all Joys we e'er possess,
Love and wine are still the best.

Song 51. *Come, let us prepare.*

IF any so wise is, that sack he despises,
Let him drink his small Beer, and be sober;
Whilst we drink wine & sing as it were spring,
He shall droop like the Trees in ~~October~~.

But be sure, over Night if this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your Bed, to settle your Head,
'Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.

And not to be silly to follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but wine that can tune us;
Let his *ne assuescas* be put in his Cap case,
And sing *bibito vinum jejunos*.

Song 52. *There was a jovial.*

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a Hog'shead
Unto our Master's shrine.

And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For I'll give a Reason why;
'Tis a great Sin to leave a House,
'Till we've drank the Cellar dry.

And a toping, &c.

38 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

In Times of old I was a Fool,
I drank the Water clear ;
But *Bacchus* took me from that Rule,
He thought 'twas too severe.

And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,
And bade me rake a Sup ;
But had it been a Gallon Pot
By *Jove* I'd tofs'd it up.

And a toping, &c.

And ever since that happy Time,
Good wine has been my Cheer :
Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,
But water, or Small-beer.

And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my Boys,
And never flinch, nor fly ;
But fill our Skins brim-full of wine,
And drain the Bottles dry.

And a toping, &c.

Song 53. *How happy are we.*

HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing Disease of the Mind ?

Can indulge ev'ry Taste,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have Crouds of new lovers still woo-
When we're old and decay'd (ing ;
We procure for the Trade,
Still in every Age we are doing.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 39

If a Cully we meet,
We spend what we get,
Ev'ry Day for the next never think;
When we die, where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dies in her drink.

Song 54. *Gavst in Otho*

B *Accus*, God of mortal Pleasure,
Ever give me thy dear Treasure,
How I long for t'other Quart!

Drowfy waiter, since 'tis no later,
Why should good Companions part?

He that's willing, whip a Shilling,

Follow this Example round:

If you wear a lib'ral spirit,

Put about the generous Claret,

After Death no Drinking's found.

Song 55. *She tells me with Claret.*

SHE tells me with Claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a Hog'shead whene'er she
sees me:

For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I,

Resolve to forsake her, or Claret deny.

Must I leave my dear Bottle, that was always
my Friend?

And I hope will continue so to my Life's End?

Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard Task:

Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil: Bring
t'other Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bid me
forbear,

'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear:

Had

40 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Had she found out my *Sally*, up 3 pair of stairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to *St. James's* to
Prayers:

Had she bade me read Homilies three times a-day
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say:
But at night to deny me my Bottle of Red,
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said.

Song 56. *Thy vain Pursuit, fond Youth give o'er.*

IF wine and musick have the power
To ease the Sickness of the Soul,
Let *Phæbus* ev'ry string explore,
And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly bowl.

Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my *Chloe's* absence light,
And seek for pleasures to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long Night.

But she to-morrow will return;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great,
Thy Myrtles strow, thy Odours burn,
And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddess, to no other Powers
Let us to-morrow's Blessings own;
Thy darling Loves shall guide the hours,
And all the Day be thine alone.

Song 57. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

IF wine be a Cordial, why does it torment?
If a Poison, oh tell me, whence comes my
Content?

Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I
comp'ain?

Or repent ev'ry Morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
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The New Vocal Miscellany. 41

Yet so charming the Glass is, so deep is the quart,
That at once it both drowns, and enlivens my
Heart.

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly Complexion I make my Joy known:
But oh! how I'm blest! when so strong it does
prove,

By its sovereign Heat to expel that of Love!
When in quenching the old, I create a new flame
And am wrapt in such Pleasures that still wants a
Name.

Song 58. *I am a jolly Toper.*

OF all Occupations
A Toper's far the best,
For when the world's Affairs run cross
Good Liquor gives him rest:
*And a toping we will go, will go, will go,
And a toping will go.*

Here's to thee, honest Jack my Boy,
This wine will chear our Hearts;
And if the Bottle's almost out
We'll call for t'other Quart.
And a toping, &c.

What tho' your sober Sneakers
Call jolly Topers Swine;
Because they wallow in the Dirt,
And we do swim in wine: *And a toping, &c.*

The Musick that delights us most,
Is when the Bar-bell rings;
For when the wine's got in our Heads
We fancy that we're Kings: *And a toping, &c.*

Good

42 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Good Liquor drives away all Cares
 Which do perplex Men's Lives;
 For when we've drank our Courage up
 We fear no scolding wives: *And a toping, &c.*
 We'll drink at Morn, at Noon, at Night,
 The Glass shall still go round:
 And when we cannot sit upright,
 We'll drink upon the Ground: *And a toping,*
 See how the shining Sparkles rise
 When you fill your Glasses high,
 Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs,
 We'll drink until we die: *And a toping, &c.*
 The Lover lives by Celia's Smiles
 And if she frowns he dies;
 But what are women's smiles or frown
 To jolly drinking Boys: *And a toping, &c.*
 Let Misers heap up sordid Gold
 To please their greedy Souls;
 We value not their Mass of Dirt
 Give us but flowing Bowls: *And a toping, &c.*
 Let Whigs and Tories plague their Heads
 To settle state Affairs,
 We'll drink and ne'er regard their noise
 If we live a thousand Years: *And a toping, &c.*

Song 59 *On, on, my dear Brethren.*

Here's to thee, my *Damon*, let's drink and
 be merry,
 And drown all our Cares in full bumpers of sherry;
 Commit e'ry care to the Guardians above,
 And we'll live like Immortals in pleasure & love
 Here's *Phillis's* health, lo! the Liquor flows higher
 'Tis *Phillis's* Name that awakens the Fire:

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 43

Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence shine,
And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling wine.

Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains
Go pluck the sweet Roses, the pride of the plains;
Pluck only such Roses as worthy the Fair,
And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care:

While to yon cool Poplar's kind shade we retire,
To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;
In languishing blisses, we'll live, & we'll die,
She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her Eye.

Song 60. *If Love's a sweet Passion*

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pothor & stir has it kept in the state.
Let the rabble run mad with suspicions and fears,
Let them scuffle, and jar, 'till they go by the Ears:
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle in State.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter
their Ease,
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin wafer at Mass?
At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and
their King;

A Friend, and a Bottle is all my Design;
He has no room for Treason, that's top full
of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws;
Let them sit or prorogue, as his Majesty please:
Let them damn us to *Wollen*, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have wine:
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

Song

44 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 61. If Love's a sweet Passion.

SAY, good Master *Bacchus* astride on your *Bum*
Since our Champagne's all gone, and
Clarret's run out ;

Which of all the brisk wines in your Empire
that grow,

Will serve to delight your poor Drunkards below
Resolve us, grave Sir, and soon send it over,
Lest we die, lest we die of the Sin of be'ng sober.

Song 62, Come fill me a Glass.

COME, fill me a Glass, fill it high,
A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have :
He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an Inch
Tho' I drink myself into my Grave.

Here's a Health to all those jolly Souls,
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no Danger controuls, but will take care
And merrily stickle for more. (their bowls)

- Drown Reason and all such weak Foes,
I scorn to obey her Command ;
Con'd she ever suppose I'd be led by the Nose,
And let my Glass idly stand ?

Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,
A Foe to the Joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by Tools, who'd set us new Rules
And bring us to politick Thinking.

Fill 'em all, I'll have six in my Hand,
For I've triff'd an Age away :
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting Sand
Rowls on, and cannot stay.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 45

Come, my Lads, move the Glass, drink about,
We'll drink the Universe dry;
We'll set Foot to Foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

Song 63. *Ring, ring the Bar-Bell, &c.*

Ring, ring the Bar-Bell of the world,
Great *Bacchus* calls for wine:
Haste pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,
To whet him e'er he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
When first you have poured forth;
The globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,
To brood such Sons of worth.

When this world's out, more worlds we'll have,
Who dare oppose the Call;
If we had twice ten thousand worlds,
'Ere Night we'd drink them all.

See, see our Drawer *Atlas* comes,
His Cask upon his Back;
Haste, drink and swill, let's booze amain,
'Till all our Girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, Let's drink amain,
Lest Time should go astray,
We'll make Time drunk, the rest reply'd,
We Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*, who took the Hint,
Required Time to drink;
And made him gorge such Potions down,
That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,
And nonplus'd in the vast;

Diffolv'd

46 / *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Diffolv'd in the Æthereal world
Sigh'd languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away,
Hang flinching, make no words:
Like true-born *Bacchanalian* Souls,
We'll get, as drunk as Lords.

Song 64. *Young Bacchus, when merry, &c.*

Young *Bacchus* when merry, bestriding his T
Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast;
The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,
A jolly parochial Priest;
He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a health to the C
Preferring it to the King,
Altho' he long since had left both in the Lurch,
Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call
A Doctor of the civil Law)
He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,
As fast as the Drawer could draw;
But a Health to all Nobles he stiffly deny'd,
Tho' lustily he could swill,
Because, still the faster the Quality dy'd,
It brought him more Grift to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,
Who eases all Sicknes and Pain,
And conjures Distempers away with hard words
Which he knows is the Head of his gain;
He stept from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the brim
And quaffing did freely agree,
That *Bacchus*, who gave us such Cordial to drink
Was a better Physician than he.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 47

The next was a Justice who never read Law,
With twenty Informers behind,
On free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid them draw,
Till his worship had drank himself blind ;
Then reeling away, they rambl'd in quest
Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,
That they might be punish'd, to frighten the rest,
Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,
By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,
Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co-by* and *mawdraw*,
And a thousand such *Items* beside ;
The health, that he drank, were to *Westminster-hall*
And all the grave Dons of the Gown ;
Rependum in Petro, durendum in Paul,
Such *Latin* sure never was known.

The last that appear'd was a Soldier in red,
With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat,
Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,
Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat ;
He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
Or the Help of some impudent Punk,
That he would not depart, till he made the
Butt sing,
And himself most contoundedly drunk.

Song 65. *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

THE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
The Plants suck in the Earth and Air,
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The Sea itself, which one would think,
Should have but little need of Drink.

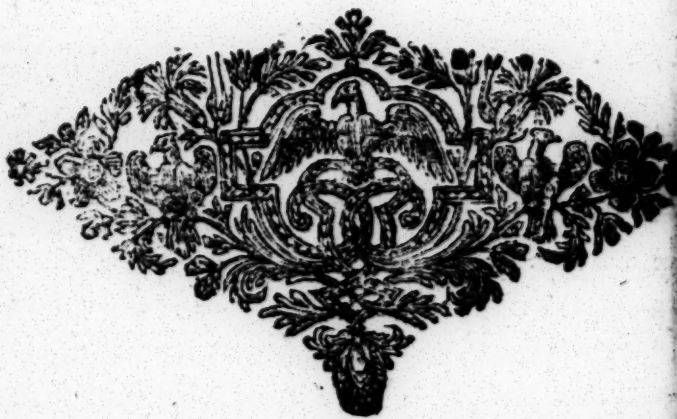
Drinks

48 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.

The busie Sun (and one should guess,
By's drunken fiery Face, no less,)
Drinks up the Sea ; and when h'as done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun ;
They drink and dance by their own Light,
They drink and revel all the Night :
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.

Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses there ; for why
Should ev'ry Creature drink but I,
Why, Men of Morals, tell me why ?



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The NEW
Vocal Miscellany.

P A R T. II.

The LADIES Delight: Or, a Choice
Collection of LOVE SONGS, &c.

Song 66. *Cupid, God of pleasing, &c.*



U P I D, God of pleasing
Anguish,
Teach th' enamour'd Swain
to languish,
Teach him fierce Desires to
know
Heroes would be lost in story,
Did not Love inspire their
Glory,

Did not Love inspire their Glory;
Love does all that's great below,
Love does all that's great below.

Song

50 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 67. *Young Damon once the, &c.*

DUley, no more mispend your Prime,
But wisely use the present Time,
Nor trust to future Day;
In vain you think that lovely Face,
Adorn'd with every blooming Grace,
Will not in Time decay.
Observe the Lillies in the Fields,
That pleasant Scents and Prospects yield,
How short their Beauty lasts;
How soon their blooming whiteness fades
How soon they mourn with drooping Heads
In Winter's chilly Blasts.

Then to some Youth thy Charms resign,
(Oh! may the happy Fate be mine)
And kindly crown his joys;
If in your Bloom you yield to Love,
The Swain will ever constant prove,
When Age that Bloom destroys.

Song 68. *Chloe be wise, &c.*

CHloe, be wise, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at such a rate;
Should I your Scorn return twill vex you:
Love much abus'd will turn to Hate.

How can so lovely, fair a Creature
Put on the Looks of cold Disdain;
Women were first design'd by Nature
To give a Pleasure and not a Pain.
Kindness creates a Flame that's lasting,
When other Charms are fled away.
Think then the Time we now are wasting;
Throw off those Frowns, Love obey.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 51

Song 69. *My Goddess Celia, &c.*

MY Goddess Celia, heavenly fair,
As Lillies sweet as soft as Air;
Let loose thy Tresses spread thy Charms,
And to my Love give fresh Alarms.
O let me gaze on those bright Eyes,
Tho' sacred Lightning from them flies.
Shew me that soft that modest Grace.
That paint's with charming red thy Face,
Give me Ambrosia in a Kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliss;
That I may mix my Soul with thine.
And make the pleasure all divine.
O hide thy Bosoms killing White.
The Milky Way is not so bright;
Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress,
With Beauty's Pomp and sweet Excess.
Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endless Charms?
O! take me dying to thy Arms.

Song 70. *Tell me, tell me, charming Creature.*

ONCE I lov'd a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn,
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor for her Wit nor sprightly Turn,
But for her down down derry down;
But for her down down derry down.

On the Grass I saw her lying,
Strait I seiz'd her tender Waist,
On her Back she lay complying,

52 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

With her lovely Body plac'd,
Under my down down &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender,
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,
Still unwilling to surrender

Call'd Mamma to take the part
Of her down down &c.

Out of breath Mamma come ranning,

To prevent poor Nanny's Fate,
But the Girl now grown more cunning,
Cry'd Mamma you're come too late,
For I am down down &c.

Song 71. 'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

TWAS when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blasts of Wind,

A Damsel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the roaring Billows
She cast awishful Look;

her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That tremble o're the Brook;

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;

Why did'st thou vent'rous Lover,
Why did'st thou trust the Seas?

Cease cease then cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest:

Ah! what's thy troubled Motion
To that within my Breast?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
Views Tempests in Despair;

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 53

But what's the Loss of Treasure,
To the losing of my Dear?
Should you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow;
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature,
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes those Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her Dear,
Repaid each Blast with Sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear:
When o'er the wide Waves flooping,
His floating Corps she spy'd;
Then like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her Head and dy'd.

Song 72. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

Sweet are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask Rose;
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Air when Zephyr blows;
Refreshing as descending Rains,
To Sun burnt Climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the Needle to the pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun;
Constant as gliding Waters rowl,

54 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon:
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid pursues;
Sweet *Philomel* in shady Bowers,
Of verdant Spring her Note renews:
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seasons rise,
As Winter to the Spring gives place,
Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies:
No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oake and Cedars bow;
Marble Towers, and Walls of Brass,
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, destroying far and wide
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Cupid can remove;
And drivè him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the Blest above:
Where known to all his kinder Train
He finds a lasting Rest from pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heaven together came
Love will the Universe controul,
When dying Seasons lose their Name:
Divine Abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

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The New Vocal Miscellany, 55

Song 73. *I'll range around, &c.*

HAD I the World at my Command,
And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land
To *Florea* I'd present it all,
And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

Or was my Life by Scraps sustain'd,
From Door to Door by begging gain'd,
Wou'd she be mine I'd blefs my Fate,
Nor with a more exalted State.

Possessing her, or rich, or poor,
What is there to desire more?
There's nothing precious but her Charms,
And pleasure dwells but in her Arms.

Oh grant ye powers! the Fair I love,
May to my Vows propitious prove;
And from your Altars shall arise.
The Smoke of daily Sacrifice.

Among the Blessings you bestow
On craving Mortals here below,
Make but the lovely Maiden mine,
I'll all the rest with Joy resign.

Song 74. *When Aurelia first I courted.*

FOOLISH Mortal, pray be easy,
Angry *Cupid* made Reply;
Do *Florella*'s Charms displease ye?
Die then foolish Mortal, die.

Fancynot that I'll deprive her
Of her captivating Store;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thousand Beauties more.

56 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Ware *Florella*, proud and sour,
Apt to mock a lover's Care;
Justly then you'd pray that power
Should be taken from the Fair.
But though I spread a Blemish o'er her
No Relief from thence you'll find?
Still fond Shepherd, you'd adore her,
For the Beauties of her Mind.

Song 75. *Fly me not, Sylvia.*

CELIA! my dearest, no longer depress me,
But hasten to bless me,
And fly to my Arms.
O could I charm you!
How I would warm you!
How I would revel and sport in your Arms!

No one is near,
Why should we fear?
Why should we then these Moments delay?
If I've offended,
I ne'er intended;
I'll beg your Pardon another Day.

Song 76. *Celia, my dearest, no longer depress me.*

FLY me not, *Silvia*; why do you fly me?
Hear me, fair *Silvia*, Though you deny me:
You're all my Pleasure, You're all my Treasure,
You're all my Joy, and all my Care.

Pity my Anguish,
See how I languish,
See how I languish, ah! cruel Fair!
Smile then and heal me,
Or frown and kill me,
For Death is better than despair.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 57

Song 77. *Pierrot's Dance.*

W H Y all this whining, why all this pining?
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain;
Nothing so common as wealth and women,
To raise the Vapours, and to dull the brain.
To him that's merry, that frolicks and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad;
Then rouse thy Spirit and take off thy Claret,
In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.
If *Chloe* fly thee, and still deny thee,
Never look sneaking, nor never repine:
It 'tis her fashion, to slight your passion,
Then seem most easy, and deny her thine:
Yet sily woo her, and closely pursue her,
Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh thee to scorn;
When she seems waggish, coquettish and prudish,
Then give her her Humour, and let her be gone
When next you meet her, again intreat her,
And if you find still she'd make you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex you, or once perplex you,
She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.
Then to requite her, despise her and slight her,
And what you commended, as much discommend;
But if love grieve thee, & still will not leave thee,
Then love thyself first, & next love thy friend

Song 78. *Despairing beside a clear, &c.*

C Larinda, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her scorn of a Swain,
Sae pensive, and folding her Arms;
Her Lute, and her shining Attire,
Neglected, were laid at her side:
While pining with hopeless desire,
The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd.

58 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Oh! cou'd the past Hours but return!

When I triumph'd in *Angelot's* Heart!

Clarinda would mutually burn,

Would mutually suffer the smart:

But far from the Plain he is gone,

Enjoys the sweet Smiles, of a Fair,

Whose kindness the Shepherd has won,

And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at these Feet has he lain,

Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!

But all his Complaints were in vain,

I foolishly doated on state,

I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,

To sparkle in golden Array,

By Dress and by Charms to be known,

In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,

That Marriage no Blessing could prove;

Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,

And I slighted poor *Angelot's* Love:

Such Madness besotted my mind,

I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain;

I regarded his Vows but as Wind,

And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,

Could my Reason have conquer'd my Pride?

In Bliss I had rival'd a Queen,

Had I been my dear *Angelot's* Bride.

With him more Content I had found,

Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;

For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd

With a Passion that never would die.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 59

I had feasted on innocent Joy,
On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease;
While the Fears which the Great-ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
But ah! that glad Prospect is gone,
His Love I can never regain:
And the loss I shall ever bemoan,
'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,
When the Swain to the Green did advance:
In his hand his new Consort appears,
With a Train gayly Join'd in a Dance:
Impatient, and sick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in silence expir'd.

Song 79. *Ye gentle Gales, &c.*

YE gentle Gales that fan the Air,
And wanton in the flow'ry Grove,
Oh! whisper to my absent Fair,
My secret Pain, my endless Love:
And at the breezy Close of Day,
When she does seek some cool Retreat,
Throw spicy Odors in her way,
And scatter Roses at her Feet.

That when she sees their Colours fade,
And all their Pride neglected lie,
Let it instruct the charming Maid,
That sweets not timely gather'd, die.
And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious Vision show,
Who 'tis that loves *Camilla* best,
And what for her I undergo.

Song

60 • *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 80. *Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.*

WHence comes it, neighbour *Dick*,
That you, with youth uncommon,
Have serv'd the Girls this trick,
And wedded an old Woman? *Happy Dick!*
Each *Belle* condemns the Choice,
Of a Youth so gay and sprightly;
But we your Friends rejoice,
That you have judg'd so rightly. *Happy Dick!*
Though odd to some it sounds,
That on Threescore you ventur'd;
Yet, in ten thousand Pounds,
Ten thousand Charms are center'd: *Happy Dick!*
Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the short-liv'd Flower;
Nor can the fairest Maid,
Insure her bloom an Hour. *Happy Dick.*
Then wisely you resign,
For sixty, Charms so transient;
As the Curious value Coin
The more for being ancient. *Happy Dick!*
With Joy your Spouse shall see,
The fading Beauties round her,
And she herself still be,
The same that first you found her. *Happy Dick!*
Oft is the married State,
With Jealousies attended;
And hence, through foul debate,
Are nuptial Joys suspended. *Happy Dick.*
But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under;
She's yours alone, for Life,
Or much we all shall wonder. *Happy Dick.*

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 61

Her Death would grieve you sore,
But let not that torment you;
My Life, she'll see Fourscore,
If that will but content you. *Happy Dick.*

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
Unless the D—— I's in her. *Happy Dick.*

Some have the name of *Hell*,
To Matrimony given;
How falsely you can tell,
Who find it such a Heaven. *Happy Dick.*

With you, each day and night
Is crown'd with Joy and Gladness;
While envious Virgins bite
The hated Sheets for Madness: *Happy Dick.*

With Spouse long share in Bliss,
Y'had miss'd in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have such another. *Happy Dick.*

Observing hence, by you,
In Marriage such *Decorum*,
Our wiser Youth shall do,
As you have done before 'em: *Happy Dick.*

Song 81. *Tweed Side.*

What Beauties does *Flora* disclose?
How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Moggy's* still sweeter than those,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed:
No Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose,
Nor all the gay flow'rs in the fields,
Nor *Tweed*, gliding gently thro' those,
Such Beauty and Pleasure e'er yields.

'Tis

62 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

'Tis she doth the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss;
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

Song 82. *See, see, my Seraphina, &c.*

THREE Nymphs contending for my Heart,
With different Charms and Grace;
The first fold Puddings, Pies, and Tarts;
The second, Pins and Lace;
The third employ'd herself to cry
The News three times a week,
Besides ev'ry night 'twas her delight,
To cry Hot-bak'd Ox-cheek.

Look, Gods, from your celestial Bowers
And guide me to the best;
And may my Faculties and Powers,
Of Heart and Mind be blest;
Whilst thus he cry'd, the Gods reply'd,
Thy Fate can't be revers'd;
The Nymph we have chosen for thy bride
Sifts Cinders from the Dust.

Song 83. *Midsummer Wish.*

WAFT me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windsor's* shady, kind Retreat;
Where *Sylvian* Scenes, wide spreading Trees,
Repel the Dog star's raging Heat:
Where tufted Grass, and mossy Beds,
Afford a rural, calm repose;

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 63

Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays;
His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
And through the flow'ry Meadow strays;
His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty swell;
Where e'er his purer Streams are seen,
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
With naked Arms once more divide;
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling Tide.
Lay me, with damask Roses crown'd,
Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade;
Where water-lillies deck the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle slightly drest:
Ye Nymphs bind up her flowing Hair,
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast.
Oh haste away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble through the vocal Grove.

Song 84. *The Lads of Peatie's-Mill.*

THE Lads of *Peatie's Mill*,
So bonny, blith, and gay,
In spite of all my Skill,
Hath stole my Heart away.

When

64 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

When tedding on the Hay,
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midst her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their Dawn;
To Age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand.
Through all my Spirits ran,
An Extasy of blifs,
When I such sweetness found
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the wild.
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her Looks they were so mild,
Free from affected Pride;
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my Bride.

Oh! had I all that wealth,
Hopoun's high Mountains fill,
Insur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleasures at my will:
I'd promise, and fulfill,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of *Peatie's-Mill*,
Shon'd share the same wi'me.

Song 85. *What though they call me, &c.*

WHat tho' they call me Country-Lass,
I read it plainly in my Glass,
That for a Dutcheß I might pass:
Oh! could I see the Day!

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 65

Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, and Ball,
I'd braye the proudest of them all,
With a stand by,--Clear the way.

Surrounded by a Croud of Beaux,
With smart Toupees, and powder'd Clothes,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;
Oh! could I see the day!

I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Lord, or Duke, my Prize,
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize!

With a stand-by,--Clear the way.

Oh! then for ev'ry new delight!
For Equipage, and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls all Night:

Oh! could I see the day!

Of Love and Joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill;
In every thing I'd have my will:

With a stand-by --Clear the way.

Song 86. *Farmer's Son.*

Sweet Nelly, my Heart's delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The proffer I make, for Modesty's sake;
I honour your Beauty bright.
For Love I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my Favour won;
And since I see your Modesty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Though I am but a Farmer's Son.

No! I am a Lady gay,
'Tis very well known, I may

Have

66 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town
So *Roger*, without delay.

Court *Bridget*, or *Sue*, *Kate*, *Nancy*, or *Prue*,
Their Loves will soon be won ;
But don't you dare to speak me fair,
As though I were at my last Prayer,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches store,
'T'wo hundred a-year, and more, (Plough
Beside Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and

His Age is above threescore :
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won ;
Both Land, and Kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

A fig for your Cattle and Corn,
Your proffered Love I scorn ;
'Tis known very well, my Name it is *Nell*,
And you're but a Bumpkin born.
Well, since it is so, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done ;
Farewel, adieu: I hope to woo,
As good as you, and win her too,
Though I am but a Farmer's Son.

Be not in such haste, *quoth she*,
Perhaps we may still agree,
For, Man, I protest, I was but in jest ;
Come, prithee sit down by me,
For thou art the Man, that verily can
Perform what must be done ;
Both strait, and tall, gentee! withall,
Therefore I shall be at your Call,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 67

Dear Lady, believe me now,
I solemnly swear and vow,
No Lords in their Lives take pleasure in wives,
Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
They don't to Harlots run,
As Courtiers do: I never knew
A London Beau, that could out-do,
A Country Farmer's Son.

Song 87. Robins Complaint.

DID ever Swain a Nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do,
Was ever Shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she
Has never wet a Cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay?
Or linger, when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she,
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of Day?
Did ever Nanny's Heifers fast,
If Robin in his Barn had Hay?
Though to my Field they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a Sheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
And I her Lambs did safely keep,
Within my Folds in Frost and Snow.

Have

68 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Have they not there from Cold been free?
But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,
'Tis I that did her Pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill:
My Back did bear the Sack, but she
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To *Nanny's* Poultry Oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best:
Within this week her Pidgeons have,
Eat up a Peck of Pease, at least;
Her little Pidgeons kifs, but she
Will never take a Kifs from me.

Must *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* still on *Robin* frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me soon?
If no Relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron string.

Song 88 *The Play of Love.*

THE Play of Love is now begun
And thus the Actions do go on,
Strephon enamour'd courts the Fair,
She hears him with a careless Air,
And smiles to find him in Love's snare.

The Act-Tune play'd, they meet again
Here Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which she evades with some Pretence,
And thinks she may with Love Dispense,
But pants to hear a Man of sense.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 69

The third approach her Lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he speaks;
But with feign'd Sights still puts him by,
And faintly cries, she can't comply,
Although she gives her heart the Lye.

Now the Plot rises, he seems shy,
As if some other Fair he'd try;
At which she swells with spleen & fear,
Lest some more wise his Love should share;
Which yet no Woman e'er could bear.

The last Act now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy;
She does no more his Passion shun,
He strait into her Arms does run,
The Curtain falls,-----the Play is done.

Song 89. *Alexis shunn'd his Fellow Swains.*

A *Alexis shunn'd his Fellow-swains*
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
(Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's Bow*!)
He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely Rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal Cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his Concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly Tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clarinda came, among the rest,
And she too kind Concern express'd,
And ask'd the Reason of his Woe:

The

She

70 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

She ask'd, but with an Air and Mien,
'That made it easily foreseen,

She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will you pardon me, he said,

While I the cruel Truth reveal?

Which nothing from my Beast should tear;

Which never should offend your Ear,

But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, and thus complain,

Since you appear'd upon the Plain,

You are the Cause of all my Care;

Your Eyes ten thousand Daggers dart,

Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,

I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,

'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;

And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:

But you shall promise ne'er again,

To breathe your Vows, or speak your Pain;

He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

Song 90. *Alexis shunn'd, &c.*

Young *Damon*, once the happiest Swain,
The Pride and Glory of the Plain,

(Yet see the Effects of Love!)

Depriv'd of all his former Rest,

Shunn'd Company, with Grief oppress'd,

And sought the thickest Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find,

What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind;

And, when they begg'd to know,

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 71

He only shook his drooping Head,
And sighing mournfully, he said,
My Fate will have it so.

Myrtillo, hearing of his Woes,
Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cause,
Of all his mighty Pain:
The Youth, transported, and amaz'd,
To hear her charming Voice, soon rais'd
His Head, and thus began.

I love; but 'tis a Nymph so fair,
That I of all success despair,
And nought expect but Scorn;
But, Oh! forgive, since ask'd by you,
If farther I my Tale pursue,
And say, for you I burn.

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,
And is it thus you court a Maid!
You'll by Experience find,
The Fair's not won by dull Despair,
But to the Brave and Debonnair,
Our Sex will e'er prove kind.

Song 91. *A Cocker there was.*

A Cocker there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen
and Hall,

No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate:

Derry down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, & he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a Jug of brown nappy
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too
most sweet,

Saying, just to a hair, I have made both ends meet
Derry down, &c. But

72 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

But Love the Disturber of High and of Low,
That shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau;
He shot the poor Cöbler quite thorow the Heart:
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part:

Derry down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
Her Eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor Cöblér quite over the way:

Derry down, &c.

He sung her Love-songs, as he sat at his Work,
But she was as hard as a *Jew*, or a *Turk*:
When ever he spake, she would flounce and would
Which put the poor Cöbler quite into despair. (flee

Derry down, &c.

He took up his *Aul* that he had in the *World*,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his Body, instead of the *Sole*,
So the Cöbler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll:

Derry down, &c.

And now in good-will I advise, as a Friend,
All Cöblers take *Warning* by this *Cöblers End*:
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by
what's past,

That Love brings us *all* to an *End* at the *last*:

Derry down, &c.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 73

Song. 92. *You twice ten hundred Deities.*

YOU twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily Sacrifice,
Ye pow'rs, that dwell with Fates below,
And see what Men are doom'd to do:
Where Elements in Discord dwell,
Thou God of sleep arise and tell,
Tell, great *Zempoalla*, what strange Fate
Must on her dismal Vision wait.

By the croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that make abode,
Earthy Dun that pants for Breath,
With her swell'd sides full of Death.

By the crested Adder's pride,
That along the Cliff does glide.

By thy Visage fierce and black
By the Death's Head on thy Back,

By the twisted Serpents plac'd,
For a Girdle round thy Waste,

By the Hearts of Gold that deck
Thy Breast, thy Shoulders & thy Neck;
From thy sleeping Mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling Eyes,
While bubbling Springs their Music keep
That use to lull thee, in thy sleep.

Song 93. *Why will Florella when, &c.*

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My ravish'd Eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only Face,
They can behold with Love?

To shun her Scorn, and ease my Care,
I seek a Nymph more kind;

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And

74 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
Still gentle Usage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no part?
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So restless Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where;
Yet languish for their native Home,
Though Death attends them there.

Song 94. *As I beneath a Myrtle, &c.*

AS I beneath a Myrtle-shade lay musing,
Sylvia the fair, in mournful sounds,
Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds;
Oh! God of Love! cease to torment me:
Send to my Aid some gentle Swain,
Whose Balm apply'd, may ease my Pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the Grove resounded,
Heavenly Nymph, complain no more,
Love does thy wish'd-for Peace restore,
And send a gentle Swain to ease thee;
In whom a longing Maid may find,
A Balm to cure her love-sick Mind.

She blush'd, and sigh'd, and push'd the Med'-
cine from her,
Which still the more increas'd her Pain;
Fondling at length, she strove in vain,
Oh Love! she cry'd, I must obey thee:
Who can the raging Smart endure?
She suck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

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The New Vocal Miscellany 75

Song 95. *Cupid God of pleasing, &c.*

L Onely Groves young *Strephon* chusing,
There t' indulge his amorous Musing,
Love augments, while Love he blames:
Cruel Love! you cause my Anguish.
Thus with Care I pine and languish,
Thus consume amid your Flames.

I despair at *Celia's* frowning;
When she weeps, in Tears I'm drowning;
Smiles give pleasing Pains at best.
Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
Conscious of his Presence made him,
And his Godhead thus exprest.

While you speak of Pains and dying,
Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;
My soft Empire's built on Sighs:
When those anxious Cares are over,
Soon you lose the Name of Lover;
Love insipid grows and dies.

Song 96. *One April Morn, &c.*

O NE *April Morn*, when from the Sea,
Phæbus was just appearing;
Damon and *Celia*, young and gay,
Long-settled Love endearing;
Met in a Grove, to vent their Spleen,
On Parents unrelenting:
He bred of *Tory Race* had been,
She of the Tribe dissenting.

Celia, whose Eyes out-shone the God,
Newly the Hills adorning;
Told him Mamma would be stark mad,
She missing Prayers that Morning:

76 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Damon, his Arms about her Waist,
Swore that nought should them sunder;
Should my rough Dad know how I'm blest,
'Twould make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones made by Ambition blind,
By Faction still support it;
Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,
They for convenience court it;
But mighty Love, that scorns to shew
Party should raise his Glory,
Swears he'll exalt a Vassal true,
Let it be *Whig* or *Tory*.

Song 97. *Chloe blush'd, &c.*

Chloe blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her faithless, jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

But when I rose, and would be gone,
She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?
Young Damon, stay; now we're alone,
Do what you will with *Chloe*.

Song 98. *Go vind the Vicar of our Town.*

Go vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean*,
And he'll tell you the Banes were asked;
A good vat Capon he had ver's Pains,
And I zent it home in a Basket.
And a Friday Night, I was, by right,
To have prov'd if she were a Maiden;
And now she's run with a Soldier to Town:
Heydledom, deyldedom, cudden;
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deyldedom, cudden.

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My Mother she zold her blue game Cock,
And a dainry Brood of Chicken:
Then bought herself a Canvas Smock,
And rack'd it up in the Kitchen:
And she bought me a Cambrick Band,
With a Bumpkin pair of Breeches:
Not thinking but *Joan*,
Would have made me her own;
But i' faith she'd have none of the Vetches.
Heydledom, deyldedom cudden, &c.

I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zell,
Before I'll endure these Losses;
Or else a Rope in a dolesome Well,
For I never can bear these Crosses:
Or I'll go to some Beacon high,
For i'vaith I am welly wooden,
And throw my zelf down, her Kindness to try:
Heydledom, deyldedom, cudden, &c.

If she can think 'tis a better Trade,
This shooting of Guns, and flashing;
She'll find herself but a simple Jade,
For there's more to be got by Trashing.
I ne'er shall beg without a Leg,
Nor occasion have ver a wooden;
Nor Cripple become, by vollowing a Drum.
Heydledom, deyldedom, cudden, &c.

Song 99. *Of all the Girls that are, &c.*

AS Damon late with *Chloe* sat,
They talk'd of am'rons blisses;
Kind things he said, which she repaid,
In pleasing Smiles and Kisses.
With tuneful Tongue, of Love he sung;

78 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

She thank'd him for his Diſty:
But ſaid, one Day ſhe heard him ſay,
Thy Flute was mighty Pretty.

Young *Damon*, who her Meaning knew,
Took out his Pipe to charm her;
And while he ſtrove, with wanton Love,
And ſprightly Aires to warm her:
She beg'd the Swain, to play one ſtrain,
In all the ſoſteſt measure,
Whoſe killing ſound would ſweetly wound,
And make her die with Pleaſure.

Eager to do't, he takes the Flute,
And ev'ry accent traces;
Love trickling thro' his Fingers flew,
And whiſper'd melting Graces:
He play'd his part with wond'rous Art,
Expecting praiſes after;
But ſhe, inſtead of falling dead,
Burſt out into a Laughter.

Taking the hint, as *Chloe* meant,
Said he, my Dear, be eaſy;
I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
May play a Tune to pleaſe ye.
Then down he laid the charming Maid,
He found her kind and willing;
He play'd again, and tho' each ſtrain
Was ſilent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair *Chloe* ſoon approv'd the Tune,
And vow'd he play'd divinely;
Let's have it o'er, ſaid ſhe, once more,
It goes exceeding finely:
The Flute is good that's made of Wood,
And is, I own, the neateſt;

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The New Vocal Miscellany, 79

Yet ne'ertheless, I must confess,
The silent Flute's the sweetest.

Song 100. *Stay, Shepherd, stay.*

STay, Shepherd, stay; I prithee stay;
Did not you see her go this Way;
Where can she be, can you not guess?
Alas! I've lost my Shepherdess!

I fear some Satyr has betray'd
My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade:
Oh! woe is me, I am undone!
For in the Shade she was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,
Strive to salute her as she goes;
Nay, be content to kiss her Shoe,
The Primrose, and the Daisy too.

Oh! woe is me! what must I do?
Or who must I complain unto?
Methinks the Valleys cry, forbear,
And sighing say, she is not here.

Oh! what shall I, unhappy, do?
Or who must I complain unto?
Where may she be, can you not guess?
Where may I find my Shepherdess?

Song 101. *The bonny gray-ey'd Morn.*

TIS Woman that seduces all Mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts
Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.
For her, like Wolves by-night, we roam for Prey,
And praise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms,
For suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
And Beauty must be feed into our Arms.

89 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 102. *What Woman could do, &c.*

WHAT woman could do, I have try'd to be free
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and though he flies me:
Still, still he's the Man.

They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear.
When Vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can tear
So, when you have said all you can,
Still, still he's the Man.

I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
When to him I ran:
He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could
So civil a Man? (upbraid,
'The next Day I found, to a third he was kind,
I hated him foundly, he swore I was blind;
So, let me do what I can,
Still, still he's the Man.

All the world bids me beware of his Art;
I do what I can:
But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man!
So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind;
'Tho' he may have his Faults, I to them am
Nor can do more than I can; (blind,
Still, still he's the Man.

Song 103. *The Spring's a coming.*

YOUNG Virgins love Pleasure,
As Misers do Treasure,
And both alike study to heighten the measure,
'Their Hearts they will rife,
For ev'ry new Trifle;
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song;
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The New Vocal Miscellany. 81

But soon as they marry,
And find things miscarry,
Oh ! how they sigh, that they were not more wary
Instead of soft Wooing,
They run to their Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

Song 104 *Lucky Minute.*

AS *Cloris*, full of harmless Thoughts,
Beneath a Myrtle lay,
Kind Love a youthfull Shepherd brought,
To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the am'rous Swain ;
But as She strove to rise, and go,
He Pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her Disdain ;
She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah ! Gods said she, what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize ?
Oh ! let me ---- for unless you please,
I have no Power to rise.

She fainting Spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply ;
Her Looks and Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lye.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

Song

82 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 105 *Let Ambition, &c.*

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
 Thou wer't born o'er Men to Reign,
 Not to Follow Flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread;
 Joys in Circles Joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
 Toils of Empire Pleasures are;
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the Joys, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yeild the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow:
 Joyfull I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

Song 104. *Happy Groves*

OH! happy happy Groves!
 Witnesh of our tender Loves!

Oh; happy happy Shade
 Where first our Vows were made!
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying;
 Looks would charm a Jove:
 A Thousand pretty things she said,
 And all, and all was Love.

But *Corinna* perjur'd Proves,
 And forsakes the shady Groves
 When I speak of mutual Joys,
 Knows not what I mean:
 Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
 Now no more are seen,

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 83

Since the false, deluding Fair,
Left the flow'ry Green
Mourn, ye Nymphs that sporting play'd,
Where poor Strephon was betray'd;
There the secret Wound she gave,
When I first was made her Slave.

Song 107. Transported with Pleasure.

TRansported with Pleasure,
I gaze on my Treasure,
And ravish my Sight, and ravish my Sight,
While she, gayly smiling,
My Anguish beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How blest is the Lover,
Whose Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pain;
When Beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting
Her Scorn and Disdain.

Song 108. The Plan of Love.

NOW comes Love's Plagues, the Fair enjoy'd,
And with the Pleasure Strephon cloy'd,
A feign'd Content the Lover wears,
And with false Raptures soothes her Fears,
While his Retreat employs her Cares.

Next time they meet, a forc'd Respect,
Makes the Fair dread a cold Neglect,
Strait her full Bosom heaves with Sighs,
Yet though distracting Fears arise,
Fond Love forbids to trust her Eyes.

Tortur'd with Doubts, she next complains,
And asks, if her's are fancy'd Pains?

with

84 *The New Vocal Miscellany*

With well tim'd Rage, he swears he'll rove,
Vows, though he burns, he'll never prove
The vast Fatigue of jealous Love,

To bring him back, all Arts she tries,
And bids his jealous Fury rise;
Pleas'd, he that Stratagem disdains,
Vows that no Fair shall give him Pains,
That o'er a Fop contented reigns.

With Grief distracted, now she burns,
And to stern Rage her Passion turns;
On the whole Sex her fury bends,
And the first Blockhead that attends,
Marries and jilts, to gain her Ends.

Song 109. *Do not ask me charming Phillis.*

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of those Flowers that crown the Spring;
'Tis to ----- but I know my Duty,
And dare not name the thing.

'Tis at Worst, but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be?
Ev'ry Moment, gently flying,
Smiles, and says, make use of me.

What the Sun does to those Roses,
While the Beams play gently in,
I would ----- but my Fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.

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Yet I die if I conceal it,
Ask my Eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I speak what I would do
I would with my lovely *Phillis*,
I would, -- ah! would you?

Song 110. *Cease to Persuade.*

Cease to persuade, nor say you love sincerely,
When you've betray'd, you'll treat severely,
And fly what once you did pursue:
Happy's the Fair that ne'er believes you.
Who gives Despair, or else deceives you,
Or learns Inconstancy from you

Song 111. *If Love the Virgin's Heart betray'd.*

WHY is your faithfull Slave disdain'd
By gentle Arts my Heart you've gain'd,
Ah! keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last
It you'll vouchsafe to let me taste
Of what I dare not name.

When I beheld those Lips, those Eyes,
Those snow-white Breasts, which fall and rise,
Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape, so form'd to be embrac'd,
What would I give, that I might taste
Of what I dare not name!

Yet
In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise
And that vain thing call'd Fame
By Love I hope no Crowns to gain,
Tis somewhat else I would obtain,
But it's what I dare not name.

Song

86 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 112. *Gently touch the Warbling Lyre.*

Gently hear me, charming Fair,
 Ever kind, and ever dear;
 All my dying Pains remove,
 Chloe, smile, and say, you love,
 On your Bosom let me lay,
 Sigh, and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kisses, pow'rful Joys,
 Such as Death nor Time destroys;
 Oh! my dearest fair one give,
 So I ever blest shall live,
 More than Gods in Heaven can be
 Thou alone art Heaven to me.

Song 113. *In the Pleasant Month of May.*

WILL the Linner fly the Snare,
 When tempted by a pleasant Bait
 And the Voice enchants her Ear,
 Of her long lost, warbling Mate?
 Will the Woman e'er despise,
 And be so far unwise
 To cast away Gold, her Virtue to hold
 If such a thing is done,
 The Fair who can't be won,
 May certainly retrieve, all we lost by Dame Eve
 And at Court may die a Nun.

Song 114. *The bonny grey-Ey'd Morn.*

THE bonny grey-ey'd Morn began to Peep,
 When Focky, rous'd with love, came blith on
 And I who wishing lay, depriv'd of sleep,
 Abhor'd the lazy Houres, that slow did run
 But muckle were my Joys, when in my view,

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 87

I from my Window spy'd my only dear ;
I took the Wings of Love and to him flew,
For *I* had fancy'd all my Heaven was there

Upon my Bosom *Jocky* laid his Head,
And sighing, told me many tales of Love;
My yielding Heart, at every Word he said.
Did flutter up and down, and strangely move
He sigh, & kiss'd my Hand, he vow'd & swore,
That *I* had o'er his Heart a Conquest gain'd
then blushing, begg'd that I would grant no more
Which he, alas too soon, too soon obtain'd.

Song 115. *Upbraid me not, capricious Fair.*

HOW servil is the state of Man ?

How restless, and unfix'd ?
E'en days, which revelling began,
With Grief are intermix'd !
Love's fatal Dart attacks the Breast,
When quiet and serene :
And when harsh Care has dispossest'd
The delighting Monarch's Rest.
'Tis Anarchy within.

Unhurt by Fear,
The airy warbling Choir,
Taste of Love ;
No Thought of Care,
Annoys the Brute's Desire,
In the Grove :
'Tis only Man's unhappy State,
These Miseries to bear ;
Conspir'd with some Rival's hate,
Thousands pressing evils wait,
All wait,
In dreadfull Phantoms near

Song.

88 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song 116, *Greenwood Tree.*

A Woman like the liquid Tea,
Can yield no true Repast,
'Till by a Man she sweeten'd be,
And suited to the taste ;
Like Coffee sinks the single Dame,
To the Bottom of the Cup,
'Till Man exciting Cupid's Flame,
Boils Inclination up.

Song 117. *Excuse me.*

Girls, be sure, make Man secur
Be never coy in Carriage ;
Put on each Grace, and taking Lure
And when he offers Marriage,
And make no Refuses,
And faint excuses,
But kindly hug the proffer ;
Let Inclination then prevail,
A seeming slight may turn the Scale,
And she will die a Maiden stale,
That ever refuses the offer.

Song 118. *In vain dear Chloe, &c,*

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
That I, inconstant, have possess,
Or lov'd a fairer she ;
Wou'd you, with ease, at once be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Consult your Glass and me.

If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind
You've Reason for your Fears ;

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But if impartial you will prove,
To your own Beauty, and my love,
How needless are your Tears!

If in my Way I should, by' chance;
Receive, or give a wanton Glance,
I like but while I view:

How slight the Glance, How faint the kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
which I receiv'd from ~~you~~!

With wanton flight the curious Bee.
From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free
And where each Blossom Blows,
Extracts the Juice from all he meets
But for his Quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the Rose.

So, my fond Fancy to employ,
On each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph I roam;
Perhaps see fifty in a Day;
Those are but Visits which I pay,
For *Chloe* is my Home.

Song 119. *Collin's Complaint,*

D Espairing beside a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forsaken was laid;
And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme
A Willow supported his Head.

The Wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly Swain that I was!

Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd
When first I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.

But

She

90 *The New Vocal Miscellany*

She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue
 When she smil'd 'twas a pleasure too great,
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung:
 Was Nightingal ever so sweet.

How foolish was I to believe,
 She cou'd float on so lowly a Clown?
 Or that her fond Heart wou'd not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folks of the Town:
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant wou'd prove,
 To go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
 And live in a Cottage on Love.

What though I have Skill to complain
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd!
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The Virgins sit weeping around
 Ah! *Collin* thy hopes are in vain!
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a Swain
 Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,
 who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, to bear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid:
 If thro' the World I shou'd range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly!
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change;
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die,

If While my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground:

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The New Vocal Miscellany 91

The last humble boon that I crave
Is to shade me with Cypress, and Yew;
And when she looks down on my Grave.
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array;
Be finest at every fine Show,
And frolick it all the long day.
While Collin, forgotten, and gone,
No more shall be heard of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

Song 120. As Celia near a Fountain lay.

As Celia in her Garden stray'd
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,
To tast the tempting Bloom;
But with a thousand Sweets in View,
It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of life bereav'd
The daring little thing;
But first the snowy Arm receiv'd
And felt the Painfull sting

Once only could that Sting surprize,
Once be injurious found;
Not so the Darts of Celia's Eye
They never cease to wound.

Oh, would the short liv'd burning smart,
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She flies with endless Love.

Song

92 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Song. 121. *As I saw fair Chloe.*

AS I saw fair *Chloe* walk alone
The feather'd snow came softly down
Like Jove descending from his Tower
To court her in a silver Shower
The wanton Snow flew to her Breast
Like little Birds into their Nests;
But, being o'ercome with whiteness there
For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear
Then flowing down her Garment's Hem,
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

Song 122. *Ye Shepherds and Nymphs.*

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves
and the Plains,
Attend my complaints, and give ear to my Strains
No Lover in story, or ancient or new,
Has suffer'd so much, for a Passion so true:

The Nymph I adore's neither cruel, nor kind,
To Love seems averse to my Friendship inclin'd
She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh she looks
grave,

She admits me her Friend, but denies me her slave

I tell her I'm dying, she asks what I ail;

I fall at her Feet, but alas, 'tont avail.

She wonders, why trembling I sigh and complain
And pities my case, though she laughs at my pain

A Bosom so frozen what Lover can bear?

Or say, O ye Powers, shall I hope or despair!

Or fly to a warmer, or kinder than *she*,

Who'll as soon give me Pain, & as soon set me free

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The new Vocal Miscellay.

39

Song 123. *On a Bank of Flowers.*

ON a Bank of Flowers, in a Summers day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her Bloom of years bright *Celia* lay,
With Love and Sleep oppress'd
When a youthfull Swain with admiring Eyes,
Wish'd he durst the fair Maid surprize,
With a fa, la la, &c.
But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he Gaz'd, a gentle Breeze arose,
That fann'd her Robes aside,
And the sleeping Nymph, did the Charms disclose
Which waking *she* would hide:
Then his Breath grew short, & his Heart beat high
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,
With a fa, la, &c.
But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her Beauties fir'd
And Blest the courteous Wind;
Then in whispers sigh'd, & the Gods desir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind.
When with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain
But *she* laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again,
With a fa, la, &c.
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once desire has inflam'd the Soul,
All Modest Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each fear controul,
That would the Lover awe.
Shall a Prize likethis, says the vent'rous Boy
'Scape, and I not the Means employ?

With a fa, la, &c.
To seize the Proffer'd Joy.

Her

94 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

Here the glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain
 The slumbering Maid caress'd:
 And with trembling Hands (O the simple Swain)
 Her snowy Bosom press'd:
 When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,
 With a fa la, &c.
 But *Damon* miss'd his Cue.

Now Repenting that he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd;
 what a dull and stupid thing was I,
 'That such a Chance abus'd?
 To thy shame, 'twill soon on the Plain be said
Damon a Virgin asleep betray'd
 With a fa, la, &c.
 Yet let her go a Maid.

Song 124 *Power of Love.*

AT dead of Night, when wrapt in sleep,
 The peacefull Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
 Her Garland Crook, and useles Scrip;
 Love led the Nymph astray.

Loose, and undress'd, *she* takes her Flight,
 To a near Myrtle Shade,
 The conscious Moon gave all her Light
 To bless her ravish'd Lover's fight,
 And guide the lovely Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
 And to assuage his Pain
 His restless Passion he obeys:
 At such an Hour, in such a Place,
 What Lover cou'd contain.

The new Vocal Miscellany. 95

In vain *she* call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave

The cruel Stars, unmov'd look on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour save.

Vanquish'd at last, by powerfull Love,
The Nymph expiring lay,
No more *she* sigh'd, no more *she* strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She blush'd, and dy'd away.

Yet blest the Grove, her conscious Flight,
And Youth that did betray;
And panting, dying, with delight,
She blest the kind, transporting Night,
And curs'd the approaching Day.

Song 125. *Black ey'd Susan,*

YE Powers, was Damon then so blest'd,
To fall to charming Delia's Share!
Delia the, beauteous Maid Possess'd
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair,
Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heaven;
I ask no more for all my wish is given.

I came, and Delia smiling shew'd,
She smil'd and shew'd the Happy Name;
With rising Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
I felt, and bid'st the new-born Flame:
May softest pleasures & pleasures round her move,
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love
She drew the Treasure from her Breast,
That Breast where Love and Graces play:
Oh! Name beyond Expression blest'd!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay

There

96 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

There to be lodg'd; the Thought is Extasy;
Who would not wish in Paradise to lie?

Song 126. *Aule lang Syne.*

W H E N flow'ry Meadows deck the Year,
And sporting Lamkins play,
When spangled Fields renew'd appear,
And Musick wak'd the Day:
Then did my Chloe leave her Bower,
To hear my am'rous Lay;
Warm'd by my Love, she vow'd, no Power;
Should lead her Heart astray.

The warbling Choirs from ev'ry Bough,
Surround our Couch, in Throngs,
And all their tuneful art bestow,
To give us change of Songs.

Scenes of delight my Soul possess'd,
I blest'd, then hugg'd my Maid;
I robb'd the Kisses from her Breast,
Sweet as at Noon-day's Shade.

Joy so transporting, never fails
To fly a way as Air:

Another Swain with her prevails,
To be as false as fair.

What can my fatal Passion cure?

I'll never woo again:

All her Disdain I must endure,
Adoring her in vain.

The End of the Second Part



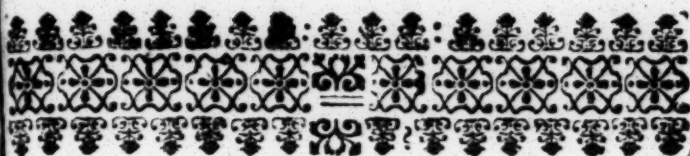
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The NEW

Vocal Miscellany.

P A R T III.

Containing a Collection of Comical and
Diverting Songs, by the most celebra-
ted Authors. To which is added, some
Love Songs, never before printed.

Song 127. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*



Gently stir and blow the Fire,
Lay the Mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly I desire,
In the Dripping put a Toast,
That I my Hunger may remove;
Mutton is the Meat I love.

On the Dresser see it lies,
Oh! the charming white and red:
Finer Meat ne'er met my Eyes,
On the sweetest Grass it fed:
Let the Jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

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98 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

On the Table spread the Cloth,
 Let the Knives be sharp and clean ;
 Pickles get, and Sallad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green ;
 With small beer good ale and wine.
 Oh ! ye Gods ! how I shall dine !

Song 128. *Trade's awry.*

TRade's awry, and so am I,
 As well as some Folks that are greater ;
 But by the peace we at present enjoy,
 We hope to be richer and straiter.
 Brib'ry must be laid aside,
 To some body's Mortification,
 He that is guilty Oh ! let him be try'd,
 And expos'd for a Rogue to the Nation.
 I am that little Fellow

Call'd Punchinello,
 much Beauty I carry about me ;
 I am witty, and Pretty,
 And come to delight ye,
 You cannot be merry without me ;
 My Cap is made like a Sugar loaf,
 And round my Collar I wear a Ruff.
 I'd shew and shew you my Shapes in Buff,
 But fear the Ladies will flout me,
 My rising back and distorted breast,
 When e'er I shew them, become a Jest ;
 And as for what is below my waste,
 No Lady ever need doubt me

Æsop was a monstrous slave,
 And waited at Xanthus's Table ;
 Yet he was always a comical Knave,
 And an excellent Dab at a Fable:

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 99

So when I presume to show my Shapes,
I am just such another;
By my sweet Looks and good Humour I Know,
You must take me for him, or his Brother,
The fair and the comely,
May think me but homely,
Because I am tawny and crooked,
But he that by nature
Is taller and straiter
May happen to prove a Blockhead;
But I, fair Ladies, am full as wise
As he that tickles your Ears with Lyes
And thinks he pleases your charming Eyes
With a Rat-tail Wig and a Cockade:
mean the Bully that never fought,
Yet dresses himself in a Scarlet Coat,
without a Commission not worth a Groat
But strut with an empty Pocket.

Song 129 *The Twitcher.*

HE that has the best Wife
She's the Plague of his Life,
But for her that will scold and will quarrel
Let him cut her off short
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys
And ten times a day hoop her Barrel.

Song 130 *Ghosts of e'ery Occupation*

Ghosts of e'ery Occupation
Ev'ry Rank and ev'ry Nation;
Some with Crimes all foul and spotted
Some to happy Fates allotted
Press the Stygian Lake to pass.

So

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Here

100 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
Prates of *Wenches*, *Wine* and plunder
Statesmen here the *Times* accusing;
Poets Sense for Rhymes abusing;

Lawyers chatt'ring
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting;

Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Class
Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Class.



Song 131 *Despairing beneath a clear Stream*

BY the side of a great Kitchen-Fire,
A Scullion so hungry was laid,
A Pudding was all his desire,
A Kettle supported his head:
The Hogs that were fed by the House,
To his sighs with a Grunt did reply,
And a Gutter that car'd not a Louse,
Ran mournfully muddily by

But when it was set in a Dish,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd
My Mouth it does water and wish
I think it had better been fry'd
The Butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a Prince in his Chair:
Oh? could I but eat it he said,
The proof of the Pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe,
It was made for so homely a clown;
Or that it would have a Reprieve,
From the dainty fine Folks of the Town

Could-

The New Vocal Miscellany. 101

Could I think that a Pudding so fine,
Could ever uneaten remove ?

We labour that others may dine,
And live in a Kitchen on Love.

What though at the fire I have wrought,
Where Puddings do boil and do fry ?

Though part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever set by ?

Ah ! Collin ! thou must not be first !

Thy Knife and thy Platter resign ;
There's Margret will eat till she burst,
And her Turn is sooner than thine.

And you my companions so dear,

Who sorrow to see me so pale :

Whatever I suffer, forbear,

Forbear at a pudding to rail :

Though through all the Rooms I should rove,

'Tis in vain from my Fortune to go

'Tis its Fate to be often above,

'Tis mine for to want it below.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,

In your Breast any pity be found

Ye Servants that early do dine,

Come see how I lie on the Ground ;

Than hang up a Pan and a pot

And sorrow to see how I dwell

And say, when you grieve at my lot,

Poor Collin lov'd pudding too well.

Then back to your Meat you may go

Which you set in your Dishes so prim,

Where Sauce in the middle does flow.

And Flowers are strew'd on the brim ;

Whilst Collin forgotten and gone,
By the Hedges shall dismally rove,
Unless when he sees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.

Song 132 *Under the Greenwood Tree.*

OF all the plagues of human Life,
A shrew is sure the worst;
Scarce one in ten that takes a wife,
But with a shrew is curst.
Since then the plague in Marriage lies
who'd rush upon his Fate?
when he for freedom, bondage buys,
And still repents too late.

Song 133 *The sweet rosy Morning.*

THE sweet rosy morning,
Peeps over the Hills
With blushes adorning
The meadows and Fields;
While the merry, merry, merry, Horn calls
Come, come, come, away.
Awake from your Slumber,
And hail the new Day.

The Stag rous'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And Pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasue, and Vigorous Health you embrace.
The Day's Sport when over,
Makes Blood circle right
And gives the brisk Lover.
Fresh charms for the Night.

*The**Let Love**Song***F** I*D**Whilst**As m**But we**By p**Look fr**Tha**Song***A** B*All tri**And**Were i**Tha**The M**And**What**Beca**Admir**Tha**When**The**No foo**But**What**At**Or wh**Wit*

The new Vocal Miscellany. 103

Then let us, let us now enjoy

All we can, while we may;

Let Love crown the Night, As our Sports crown the Day

Song 134 *When I was a Maid of Honour.*

FINE Ladies with an artfull Grace,
Disguise each native Feature,
Whilst flatt'ring Glasses shew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature,
But we poor folks in home-spun-grey,
By patch nor waffles tainted,
Look fresh & sweeter far than they
That still are finely Painted:

Song 135. *Nonsensical Folks prepare.*

A Trifling Song you shall hear
Begun with a Trifle and ended
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.
Were it not for Trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The Men would want something to do
And the Women want something to say.
What makes men trifle in dressing?
Because the Ladies, they know,
Admire by often possessing,
That eminent trifle a Beau,
When the Lover his moments has trifled
The Trifle of Trifles to gain
No sooner the Virgin is rifled
But a trifle shall part 'em again.
What mortal man would be abl
At White's half an hour to sit,
Or who could bear the Tea-Table
Without talking of trifles for wit?

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The Court is from Trifles secure,
 Gold Keys are no Trifles we see,
 white Rods are no trifles I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
 where Trifles abundantly breed,
 The Levee will shew you his Grace,
 Makes Promises Trifles indeed!

A Coach, with six Footmen behind,
 I count neither Trifle nor Sin;
 But, ye Gods! how oft do we find,
 A scandalous Trifle within.

A Flask of *Champaign*, People think it,
 A Trifle, or something as bad,
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
 You'll find it a Trifle e-gad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
 a widow's a Trifle in Sorrow,
 a Truce is a Trifle to-day;
 who knows what may happen to-morrow?

A black Coat a Trifle may cloak,
 Or to hide it the Red may endeavour,
 But if once the Army is broke,
 we shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle they say,
 the Reason pray carry along
 Because at ev'ry new Play,
 the House they with Trifles will throng.

But with People's Malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a foot,
 The Author of this is a Trifle,
 And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

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*The New Vocal Miscellany. 105*Song 136. *Since Times are so bad.**She.* **G**O on you vile Sot.Quit your pipe and your Pot,
Get home to your Stall and be doing:You puzzle your Pate,
with whimsies of State,

And play with Edge-tools to your Ruin.

He. Keep in that shrill Note.

Or I'll ram down your throat,

This red hot black Pipe I am smoaking,
thou Plague of my Life!

thou Gypsy! thou wife!

How dar'st thou thy Lord be provoking,

She. You riot and roar,For *Babylon's* whore,

And give up your Rible and psalter,

I prethee dear Kit,

Have a little more wit,

And keep thy Neck out of the Halter,

He. Nay prithee, sweet *Joan*.

Now let me alone,

To follow this princely Vocation

I mean to be great

In spite of my Fate,

And settle myself and the Nation.

She. Go, go, you vile Sot!

I matter thee not,

She. Was ever poor Woman so slighted*He.* Thy Fortune is made!*She.* Go follow your Trade.*He.* I tell thee I mean to be knighted.

106 *The New Vocal Miscellany:*

She. A Whipping-post Knight,

He. Get thee out of my Sight,

She. 'Thou Traytor, thou ! mark thy sad ending.

He. I'll new vamp the State,

The Church I'll translate ;

Old Shoes are no more worth the mending.

Song 137. *Answer to Collin's Complaint,*

YE Winds to whom *Collin* complains,
In Ditties so sad and so sweet.

Believe me, the Shepherd but feigns,

He's wretched, to shew he has wit.

No Charmer like *Collin* can move,

And this is some pretty new Art :

ah ! *Collin's* a Juggler in Love.

and likes to play Tricks with my part.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,

Seem doleful and alter his Face.

Can tremble and breath out his Tale,

Ah ! *Collin* has every pace.

The willow my Rover prefers.

To the Breast where he once begg'd to lie,

And the Streams that he swells with his Tears,

Are Rivals belov'd more than I

His Head my fond Bosom would bear,

His Heart would soon bear him to rest ;

Let the Swain that is slighted despair,

But *Collin* is only in Jest.

No Death the Deceiver designs,

Let the Maid that is ruin'd despair ;

For *Collin* but dies in his Lines,

And gives himself that modish Air.

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Can Shepherds, bred far from the Court,
So wittily talk of their Flame,
But *Collin* makes passion his Sport,
Beware of so fatal a Game,
My Voice of no Musick can boast,
Nor my Person of aught that is fine.
But *Collin* may find to his Cost,
A Face that is fairer than mine.
Ah! then I will break my lov'd Crook.
To thee I'll bequeath all my Sheep.
And die in the much favour'd Brook,
Where thou but pretendest to weep.
Then mourn the sad Fate that you gave,
In Sonnets so smooth and divine.
Perhaps I may rise from my Grave,
To hear as soft Musick as thine.

Of the Violet, Daisy, and Rose,
The Heart's-Ease, the Lilly, and Pink,
Let thy Fingers a Garland compose,
And crown'd by the Rivulet's Bank.
How oft, my dear Swain, did I swear,
How much my fond Soul did admire,
Thy Verses, thy Shape, and thy Air,
Tho' deck'd in thy rural Attire.

Your Sheep Hook you rul'd with such Art.
That all your small Subjects obey'd;
And still you reign'd King of his Heart,
Whose Passion you falsely upbraid,
How often my Swain have I said;
That thy Arms were a Palace to me,
And how well I could live in a Shade,
Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee,

108 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Oh what are the Sparks of the Town,
 Tho' they're never so fine and so gay,
 I freely would leave Beds of Down,
 For thy Breast and a new Bed of Hay.
 Then *Collin*, return once again,
 Again make me happy in Love,
 Let me find thee a faithful true Swain,
 And as constant a Nymph I will prove.

Song 138. *As Amoret with Phillis sat,*

AS *Amoret* and *Phillis* sat,
 One Ev'ning on the Plain,
 And saw the charming *Strephon* wait
 To tell the Nymph his Pain;
 The threat'ning Danger to remove,
 He whisper'd in her Ear,
 Ah! *Phillis*! if you would me love,
 This Shepherd, do not hear.
 None never had so strange an Art,
 His Passion to convey,
 Into a list'ning Virgins Heart,
 And steal her Soul away:
 Fly, fly betimes for Fear you give,
 Occasion of your Fate,
 In vain, said she, in vain to strive,
 Alas! 'tis now too late.

Song 139. *Ye Gods, ye gave, &c.*

YE Gods, ye gave to me a Wife,
 Out of your wonted Favour,
 To be the Comfort of my Life,
 And I was glad to have her.

But

The new Vocal Miscellany. 109

But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliss designs her,
To obey your Will at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

Song 140. *Matrimony display'd.*

OF all the simple Things we do,
To rub over a whimsical Life,
There's no ones Folly is so true,
As that very bad Bargain a Wife.
We're just like a Mouse in a Trap,
Or Vermin caught in a Gin,
We sweat, and fret, and try to escape,
And curse the sad Hour we came in.
I gam'd, I drank, and play'd the Fool,
And a thousand mad Frolicks more,
I rov'd, and rang'd, despis'd all rule,
But I never was marry'd before :
This was the worst Plague could ensue,
I'm mew'd in a smoaky House,
I us'd to rope a Bottle or two,
But now 'tis small Beer with my Spouse.
My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
And I never was vex'd in my Way,
If now I cross her Will, and Voice,
Makes my Lodging too hot for my stay.
Like a Fox that is hamper'd in vain,
I tret at my Heart and my Soul ;
Walk to and fro, the length of my Chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

Song 141. *Charming Sally.*

But OF all the Trades from East to West,
A Cobler's past contending,

He's

110 *The New Vocal Miscellany;*

He's like in Time to prove the best,
 who ev'ry Day is mending.
 How great his Praise who can amend
 the *Soles* of all his Neighbours?
 Nor is unmindful of his *End*,
 But to his *Last* still Labours.

Song 142. *I met a pretty Last.*

SURE Marriage is a fine thing,
 It is so common grown,
Fa, la, la, &c.
 It is a Bait which all,
 Do swallow glibly down.
Fa, la, la, &c.
 To answer Expectation,
 Such Joys it should dispence,
Fa, la, la, &c.
 To recompence the Fools it makes,
 By charming every Sence.
Fa, la, la, &c.

Song 143. *A Cuckold in thought.*

A Cuckold it is thought,
 A most reproachful Name,
 Since Wives commit the Fault,
 Whilst Husbands bear the Blame,
 'Tis natural for Women,
 Such little Slips to make.
 And if they were not common,
 How many Heads would ach,
 I'll give my Wife her Humour,
 If she'll but give me mine:
 And tho I hear bad Rumour,
 I never will repine:

if

The New Vocal Miscellany **III**

If she a Cuckold make me.
I'll serve her in her kind,
And may the Devil take me.
If e'er I lag behind, •

Song 144. *The terrible Law.*

THE terrible Law,
When it fastens its Paw,
On a poor Man it gripes till he's undone.
And what I am doing,
May turn to my Ruin,
Though rich as the Lord-Mayor of *London*.
Therefore I'll be wary,
What Message I carry,
Unless we make a sure Bargain,
I will be dempnify'd,
'Thoroughly zatisfy'd
That ch'am shan't suffer a Varding.

Song 145. *Oh! the charming Month of May.*

OH! the charming Month of *May*.
When the Breezes,
Fan the Trees is,
Full of Blossoms fresh and gay,
Oh! the charming Month of *May*!
Charming, charming Month of *May*!
Oh! what Joys your Prospects yield,
When in new Livery,
We see every
Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field,
Oh! what Joy, &c. charming joys, &c.
Oh! how fresh the Morning Air!
When the Zephyrs,
And the Heifers,

Their

112 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

Their odoris'rous sweets compare !
 Oh ! how fresh the &c. charming fresh, &c.
 Oh ! how sweet at Night to dream,
 On mossy Pillows,
 By the Trillows,
 Of a gentle, purling Stream:
 Oh ! how sweet, &c. charming sweet &c.,
 Oh how kind the Country Lass,
 Who, her Cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking,
 For a Green Gown on the Grass,
 Oh ! how kind, &c. charming kind:
 Oh ! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the Conclusion,
 Her deep Confusion,
 Blushing Cheeks and down cast Eye,
 Oh ! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.
 Oh ! the charming Curds and Cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her Lover
 Who on the Skimming Dish carves her Name,
 Oh ! the charming Curds and Cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.

Song 146. *Green Sleeves.*

YE watchful Guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on Wings in ambient Air,
 Of my dear *Delia* take a Care,
 And represent her Lover,
 With all the Gaiety of Youth,
 With Honour, Justice, Love, and Truth,
 Till I return her Passion sooth,
 For me, let whispers move her.

Be

Be careful no base sordid Slave,
 With Soul sunk in a golden Grave,
 Who knows no Virtue, but to save,
 With glazing Gold bewitch her,
 Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me to know how to be kind,
 And have more Plenty in my Mind,
 Then one who's ten times richer.
 Let all the World turn up-side down,
 And Fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain Ambition ;
 Let little Minds great Charms espy,
 In Shadows which at Distance lie,
 Whose hop'd for Treasures when come nigh,
 Proves nothing in Fruition.

But cast into a Mould divine,
 Fair *Delia* does with Lustre shine,
 Her virtuous Soul's an ample Mine,
 Which yields a constant Treasure.
 Let Poets in sublimest Lays,
 Employ their Skill her Fame to raise
 Let Songs of Musick pass whole Days,
 With well tun'd Reeds to please her

Song 147. *There liv'd long ago.*

T Here liv'd long ago in a Country Place,
 A clever young Lad that lov'd a young Lass
 She lov'd him again, and (O ! wonder to hear,
 No Offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear.

The Lord of the Village took it into his Head,
 To tempt her to leave him, and come to his Bed

He

114 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

He offer'd her Jewels, and Bangles, and Rings;
But she slighted his Love, and refus'd his gay
things.

He told her, He'd make her as fine as a Queen,
Her Gown should be Silk and her Cap Colberteen
But she said Lindsey wolsey, and Bone-lace would
serve,

And rather than please him, she'd venture to
starve.

He told her, he'd give her a pad to ride out,
Or a Coach, if she lik'd it, to visit about.
She thank'd him, but said, she could very well
walk,

And should she have a Coach, how the Neighbours
would talk!

He said, for the Neighbours, he'd make it his Care
That none, e'en the Parson on *Sundays*, should
dare

To find fault with her Conduct, or offer to blame
Her Manner of living, or blast her good Name.

She told him, in short, he must e'en be content,
For Jewels or Gold should ne'er bribe her Con-
sent:

Her Heart was another's, and so should remain,
And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of Gain

Song 148. *Myrtillo.*

ON a grassy Pillow,
The youthful *Myrtillo*,
'Transported was laid;
In his Arms a Creature,
Who every feature,
For conquest made;

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The new Vocal Miscellany. 115

To his Side he clasp'd her,
And fondly he grasp'd her,
While she cry'd, O dear,
O dear *Myrtillo*,
Had I known your will-o,
I'd never come here.

Streams gently flowing,
And Zephyrs blowing,
Ambrosial breeze,
A Swain admiring,
And all conspiring

The Charmer to please:
The dear Nymph complying,
No more denying,
A silent Grove.

O blest *Myrtillo*!
You may if you will-o,
Be as happy as *Jove*,

Now, the Devil's in it,
If such a Minute,
The Shepherd could lose-

No, no, *Myrtillo*,
Has better Skill o,
His Moments to chuse.

The delightful treasure,
Of Love and Pleasure,

He boldly seiz'd;
And like *Myrtillo*,
He had his fill o,
Of what he pleas'd.

Song 149 *Molly Mog.*

Says my Uncle, I pray now discover,
What has been the cause of your woes,
That you pine, and you whine, like a Lover
I've seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*!

116 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

O Nephew! your Grief is but folly!

In town you may find better prog,
Half a Crown will get you a *Molly*,

A *Molly* much better than *Mog*

The School-boys delight in a play day,

The School-Master's Joy is to flog;

Fop is the Delight of a Lady,

But mine is in sweet *Molly Mog*.

Will o' Whisp leads the Traveller a-gadding,

'Through Ditch, and thro' Quagmire, and Bog:

But no Light can e'er set me a-madding,

But the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For Guineas in other Men's breeches,

Your Gamesters will paum and will cog,

But I envy them none of their Riches,

So I paum but my sweet *Molly Mog*.

The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging,

It here and there leaps like a frog:

But my Heart can never be changing,

'Tis so fix'd on my sweet *Molly Mog*.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,

That women, at best; are a Clog

But I'm not so easily frighted

From loving my sweet *Molly Mog*.

A Letter when I am inditing,

Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a Jog,

And I fill all my paper with writing

Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in love to Distraction,

My Senses are lost in a fog;

And in nothing can find Satisfaction,

But in thoughts of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

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If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces;
For a Glance at my sweet Molly Mog.

For those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And seem as cut out of a Log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit,
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his *Phillis*, and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give for my sweet Molly Mog.

When Molly comes up with the Liquor;
Then Jealousy sets me a gog:
To be sure she's a bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

When to women you make your address. Sir,
Remember the old Decalogue;
And take heed that you never transgress, Sir,
With that beautiful toast Molly Mog.

Song 150. *On old English Roast Beef.*

When mighty Roast-beef was the English-
mens food,
It enobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood,
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were
good

Oh the Roast-Beef of old England,
And its old English Roast-beef.

But since we have learn'd from All-conquering
France,

To eat their Ragon's, as well as to Dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance
Oh the Roast-beef of old England, &c.

118 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open House, with good cheer all Day
long,

Which made their plump Tenants rejoyce in
this Song,

Oh the Roast-beef of old England, &c.

But now we are dwindl'd to what shall I name?
A sneaking poor Race, half begotten and Lame,
Who sully those Honours that once shone in
Fame,

Oh the Roast-beef of old England, &c.

When good *Q. Elizabeth* sat on the Throne
E'er Coffee and Tea, or such slip slops were known
The world was in terror, if she did but frown,

Oh the Roast-beef of old England, &c.

In those Days if Fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again,
As witness the vaunting *Armado* of Spain,

Oh the Roast beef of old England, &c.

O then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking to do ourselves
right.

But now we're all cow'd, — and I wish you good
Night,

Oh the Roast beef of old England,
And old English Roast-beef.

Song 151. *Peggy, I must love thee.*

AS from a rock, past all relief,
The shipwreck'd *Collin* spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and and dying:

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With the next Morning-sun he spies
A ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise;
New life springs up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted,
Love with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted,
Thus droop'd I, 'till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying:
I'll haste dull Courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why should we happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty.
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear;
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

Song 152. *I wish my Love were in a Mire:*

BLeft as the immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

S.

120 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

So spoke, and smil'd, the Eastern maid;
 Like thine, seraphick were her charms,
 That in *Circassia's* Vineyards stray'd,
 And blest the wisest Monarch's arms.
 A thousand fair of high desert,
 Strive to enchant the amorous King;
 But the *Circassian* gain'd his heart,
 And taught the royal bard to sing.
Clarenda thus our song inspires,
 And claims the smooth and softest Lays;
 But while each Charm our bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.
 Her mind in every Grace complete,
 To paint, surpasses human skill:
 Her Majesty, mixt with the Sweet,
 Let seraphs sing her, if they will.
 Whilst wand'ring, with a ravish'd Eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a sister of the sky,
 To whom an Adoration's due.

Song 153. *What care I for Affairs of State.*

WHat care I for affairs of state?
 Or who is rich, or who is great?
 How far abroad the ambitious roam,
 To bring our Gold or Silver home?
 What is't to me, if *France* or *Spain*
 Consent to peace, or wars maintain?
 I pay my taxes, peace or war,
 And wish all well at *Gibraltar*;
 But mind a Cardinal no more
 Than any other scarlet whore:
 Grant me, ye Powers, but health and rest,
 And let who will the world contest.

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The New Vocal Miscellany. 121

Near some smooth stream, Oh, let me keep
My Liberty, and feed my Sheep;
A shady walk well lin'd with Trees,
A Garden with a Range of Bees;
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
Where spring a long green Mantle wears,
Where winters never are severe,
Good Barley-Land to make good beer;
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To spend in peace my latter End;
In honest Ease, and home spun Grey,
And let the Evening crown the Day.

Song 154. *Sure ne'er was such a Dog, &c.*

SURE ne'er was a Dog so wretched as I,
Whose Rest is for ever prevented;
I'm neither at peace when *Aurelia* looks coy,
Nor when she looks kind am contented.

Her frowns give a pain I'm unable to bear,
The thoughts of them set me a trembling;
Her smiles give no Joy, since I plaguily fear
They can be no more than dissembling.

Then prithee, my dearest, consent and be kind,
Put an End to this troublesome wooing;
For I see I shall ne'er be at peace in my Mind
Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your poor Dog no longer with Justice complain
Or Usage that's hard above measure;
But since he has tasted so much of Love's pain,
Prithee sling him a bit of his pleasure.

Song 155. *I'll range around the shady Bowers.*

THat which her slender waste confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind,

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122 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

No Monarch but would give his Crown
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extreamest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow Compass, and yet there,
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this Ribband bound,
Take all the rest, the Sun goes round.

Song 156. *Bessy Bell.*

When a Lady like me condescends to agree
To let such a Jackanapes taste her
With what Zeal & Care should he worship the fair,
Who gives him——what's Meat for his Master.
His actions should still attend on her will,
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for warning,
To her he should be each Night on his Knees,
And so he should be on each Morning.

Song 157. *As Fiddlers and Archers, &c.*

THE Last that would know how to manage a
Man,
Let her listen and learn it from me,
His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trepan,
As the time and occasion agree:

The Girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Bean,
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
By the Use of that pretty word, no.

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The new Vocal Miscellany. 123

When powder'd Toupees around are in Char,
Each striving his passion to show,
With kiss me, and love me, my Dear, & all that;
Let her answer to all be, O no.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,
A present, a treat, or a ball,
She still must refuse, if her Empire she keep,
And no be her answer to all.

But when Mr. *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A Horse, and a Coach and a Jointure in Land,
She's an Idiot of then she says no.

And when she's attack'd by a youth full of charms
Who's Courtship proclaims him a Man,
When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his
Then let her say no, if she can. (Arms,

Song 158, *O London is a fine Town*

IN ancient Days I've heard, with Horns
The wife her spouse cou'd fright.
Which now the Hare bravely scorns,
So common is the sight.

To City, Country, Camp or Court,
Or wheresoe'er he go,
No horned Brother dares make Sport,
'They're Cuckolds all arow.

Song 159. *Do not ask me, &c.*

A Woman's ware like China,
Now cheap now dear is bought;
When whole tho' worth a Guinea,
When broke not worth a Groat

124 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

A woman at *St. James's*,
with Hundreds you obtain ;
But stay till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in *Drury-Lane*.

Song 160. *Tom and Will, &c.*

TOM and *Will* were shepherd swains,
That liv'd and lov'd together,
When fair *Pastora* cross'd their plains
Alas, why came she thither ;
For tho' they fed two sev'ral flocks,
They felt but one Desire :
Pastora's Eyes and Amber Locks,
Set both their Hearts on fire.

Tom came of a genteel Race,
By Father and by Mother ;
Will was noble, but alas,
He was a younger Brother.
Tom was forlorn, *Will* was sad,
No Huntsman nor no Fowler ;
Tom was held the proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.

Tom was young, but something bold,
It seem'd no Imperfection ;
Will was grey, but yet not old,
And browner of Complexion :
The touching flames their breasts did
They could no longer smother, (bear,
For tho' they knew they Rivals were,
They still lov'd one another.

Tom would drink her Health and swear,
His very Ghost should haunt her,
Will would take her by the Ear,
And with his Voice inchant her ;

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The new Vocal Miscellany. 125

Tom always kept within her sight,
And ne'er forgot his Duty,
But *Will* was witty, and could write,
Sweet Sonnets on her beauty.

Pastora was a lovely Lass,
And of a gentle Nature,
Divinely good and fair she was,
And kind to ev'ry Creature;
Of favours she was provident,
But yet not over-sparing:

She gave no loose Encouragement,
Yet kept Men from despairing.

Which of these two she loved most,
Or whether she lov'd either,
'Tis thought they'll find it to their Cost,
That she indeed lov'd neither;
So charming and so sweet was she,
So pleasing of Behaviour,
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,
Was chiefest in her Favour.

Thus did she handle *Tom* and *Will*,
Who both did doat upon her,
For graciously she us'd them still,
Yet still preserv'd her Honour.
She dealt her Favours equally,
They both were well contented,
And kept them still from Jealousy,
Not easily prevented.

Till tattling fame had made report,
Of fair *Pastora's* beauty,
Pastora's sent for to the Court,
There to perform her Duty;
Unto the Court *Pastora's* gone,
There were no Court without her,

126 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

The Queen amongst her train had none,
Was half so fair about her.

Tom hang'd his Dog, and cast away
His Sheperd's hook and wallet,
Will broke his Pipe, and curs'd the Day,
That e'er he made a Ballad:
Their Nine-pins and their Bowls they break,
Their sports were turn'd to tears;
'Tis time for me an End to make,
Let them go shake their Ears.

Song 161. *When the bright God of Day.*

Your friendship I court, for a friendly support;
My guts are grown wond'rous limber:
My belly complains of the want of my brains,
Which us'd to supply it with Timber.

May I swing like a Dog, if I have a Hog,
A Smelt, a George, or a Teaster:
But here am I pent, to keep a sad Lent,
Without any Hopes of an Easter.

I've sent to my betters many circular Letters,
Of this my dismal Condition!
But you, Sir, I'm sure, my Distemper will cure,
Or a Halter must be the Physician.
'Tis the first time that I e'er at rhiming did try;
In which, if I had any skill,
In a more elegant way, as I ought, I would say,
Your obliged Servant, *Ra. Argile.*

P. S. I hope you'll excuse my unpolite Muse;
Did *Bacchus* my fancy inspire,
Address you I would, in Verses as good
As any of *Pope*, or of *Prior*.

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Song 162. *When first I saw those Lips, those Eyes.*

Dear Molly, why so oft in Tears? |
 Why all these jealousies and fears,
 For thy bold Son of Thunder?
 Have patience till we've conquer'd *France*,
 Thy Closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;
 Ye Ladies like such plunder.

Before *Toulon* thy Yoke-mate lies,
 Where all the live-long Night she sighs
 For thee in lowly Cabbin:
 And tho' the Captain's *Chloe* cries,
 'Tis I, dear *Bully*, prithee rise——
 He will not let the Drab in.

But she, the cunning'st Jade alive,
 Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
 By shaming female bounties:
 And, if he'll be but kind one night,
 She vows he shall be dubb'd a Knight,
 When she is made a Countess.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,
 Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stripp'd,
 Who late to Peers belonging,
 Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
 With Links, because they would not drudge,
 To save their Lady's Lodging.

But *Vol* the Eunuch cannot be
 A colder Cavalier than he.
 In all such Love Adventures;
 Then pray do you, dear *Molly*, take
 Some Christian care, and do not break
 Your conjugal Indentures.

128 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

Bellair! who does not *Bellair* know!

The wit, the beauty, and the beau,

Gives out, he loves you dearly :

And many a Nymph attack'd with sighs,

And soft Impertinence and Noise,

Full oft has beat a parley.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade

Shall come with am'rous Serenade,

Soon from the window rate him :

But if reproof will not prevail,

And he perchance attempt to scale,

Discharge the Jordan at him.

Song 162. Tweed-side.

OH! think not the Maid whom you scorn
with riches delighted can be ;

Had I a great Princess been born,

My *Billy* had dear been to me :

In grandeur and wealth we find woe,

In Love there is nothing but charms,

On others your Treasures bestow,

Give *Billy* alone to these Arms.

In title and wealth what is lost,

In tenderness oft is repaid:

Too much a great fortune may cost,

Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid ;

Let Gold's empty show cheat the great,

we more real pleasures will prove,

While they in their Palaces hate,

we in our poor Cottage will love.

Song

The New Vocal Miscellany. 129

Song 163. *Thro' the wood, Laddie.*

A Searly I walk'd on the first of sweet *May*,
Beneath a steep Mountain, beside a clear
Fountain,

I heard a grave Lute soft Melody play,
Whilst the Echo resounded the dolorous Lay:
I listen'd, and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain,
With aspect distressed, and spirits oppress'd,
Seem clearing afresh, like the sky after Rain,
And thus he discover'd how he strove with his pain
Tho' *Eliza* be coy, why should I repine,
That a Maid much above me vouchsafes not to
love me

In her high sphere of worth I never could shine;
Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No: henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
And, in due subjection, retain warm affection,
To she that self-love inflames not my fire,
And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
Then quiet returning, shall hush my sad mourn-
ing;

And, Lord of myself, in absolute Rest,
I'll hug the condition which heavens think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected, tho' Love is rejected:
Eliza shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo,
With prosp'rous endeavour, and gain her dear
Favour,

Know

130 *The New Vocal Miscellany;*

Know as well as I, what t' *Elisa* is due,
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.
 Whilst I, disengag'd from all 'amorous Cares,
 Sweet liberty tasting, on calmest peace feasting,
 Employing my reason to dry up my Tears.
 In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years
 Ye powers that preside o'er virtuous Love,
 Come aid me with patience, to bear my vexations;
 With equal Desires my flutt'ring Heart move,
 With sentiments purest my notions improve.
 If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
 May courage protect me, and prudence direct me:
 Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Song 164. *Logan water.*

Tell me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run;
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind Endearments shun?
 So flies the Fawn, with fears oppress'd,
 Seeking its Mother ev'ry where;
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no Danger's near.
 And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the Glories of thy Face,
 Not with a hateful Step pursue,
 As age, to rifle ev'ry Grace.
 Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all Rivals to outshine:
 Now grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
 Leave Mamma's arms, and fly to mine.

Song

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The New Vocal Miscellany 131

Song 165. *Jocky and Jenny.*

JOcky and *Jenny* together were laid,
Jocky was happy, and so was the Maid:
He often did sigh, and cry, *Jenny*, with thee,
My Life, though in Bondage, would seem to be free
Jenny, who greatly for Jocky did burn,
Would sigh to his sigh, and kind Language return:
There's no pair so happy, so much of one mind,
As Jocky to *Jenny*, so *Jenny's* inclin'd.

Content with each other, in humble Retreat,
They court not new beauties, nor envy the great;
He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit
her Swain,

For pleasures yet thought of, or riches to gain.
Come all you gay Courtiers, who greatness admire
And shine in gilt Coaches, with pompous Attire,
Regard the true pleasure this Couple enjoy,
For pleasures with Jocky and *Jenny* ne'er cloy.
While you quit your *Silvia* for *Chloe's* bright Eyes,
Aminta pursue, you fair *Chloe* despise;
When one Nymph's undone, you another undo,
And rambling, the Fair does the same thing by
you:

'Till nature grows weary, decrepit, and poor,
Not aged, but quite has exhausted her Store:
'Tis Jocky and *Jenny* enjoy the true taste;
Be constant like them, and your pleasures will last

Song 166. *My Apron, Deary.*

AH! *Chloe*! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast!
Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;
I fly to the Grove, there to languish and mourn,
There sigh for my Charmer, and long to return.
The

132 *The New Vocal Miscellany:*

The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
But they smile all in vain,—my *Chloe*'s away :
The field and the grove can afford me no Ease,—
But bring me my *Chloe*, a desert will please.

No Virgin I see that my Bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms;
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the Eye,
These are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.

These looks where bright Love like the Sun sits
enthron'd,

And, smiling, diffuses his Influence round ;
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd
Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I
gaz'd

Then, then the dear Fair-one was still in my sight,
It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night ;
But now, by hard fortune remov'd from my Fair,
In secret to languish, a Prey to Despair.
But absence and Tormear abate not my flame,
My *Chloe*'s still charming, my passion the same ;
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, and I should be
blest.

Song 167. *Come, let us prepare.*

TO friend, and to foe, and to all that I know,
That to Marriage-state do prepare ;
Remember your days, in their several ways,
Are trouble, with sorrow and care.

For he that doth look in the marry'd Man's book—
And read but the Items all over,
Shall find them to come at length to a sum,
Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.

In

The New Vocal Miscellany. 133

In pastimes of Love. when their Labour doth
prove,

And the Kinchin beginneth to kick ;
For this, and for that, and I know not for what,
The woman must have, or be sick.

There's Item set down, for a loose-bodied gown,
In her longing you must not deceive her :
For a bodkin, a ring, and the other fine thing,
For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.

Deliver'd, and well, who is it can tell
But while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's Item for wine, 'mongst Gossips so fine,
And sugar to sweeten their Tipple.

There's Item, I hope, for starch, and for soap,
There's Item for fire, and candle :
For better, for worse, there's Item for Nurse,
The Baby to dress, and to dandle.

When swaddled in Lap, there's Item for Pap,
And Item for Pot, Pan, and Ladle ;
A Coral with bells, which custom compels,
And Item, a Crown for a Cradle.

With twenty odd knacks, which the Little-one
lacks ;

And thus doth thy Pleasure betray thee :
Yet this is the sport, in country and court,
Then let not the charges dismay thee.

Song 168. *Do not ask me charming Phillis:*

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
Will you never ease my Pain ?
Must I die for every Feature ?
Must I always love in vain ?

The

134 *The New Vocal Miscellany.*

The desire of Admiration,
Is the pleasure you pursue:
Pray thee, try a lasting Passion,
Such a Love as mine for you.
Tears and sighing could not move you,
For a Lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said, I went too far.
Are such giddy ways befitting?
Will my Dear be fickle still?
Conquest is the joy of women,
Let their slaves be what they will.
Your neglect with Torment fills me,
And my desp'rate thoughts increase:
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover less.
If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a Day, and fix on me.

Song 169. How hard is the Fortune, &c.

HOW hard is the fortune of all womankind,
For ever subje&ed, for ever confin'd;
The Parent controuls us, untill we are wives,
The Husband enslaves the rest of our lives.
If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal,
Deny'd e'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're asham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if
we're coy.

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The new Vocal Miscellany. 135

Then who wou'd be rich, or strive to be great,
Since so many dangers upon us do wait,
We're forced for to wed the Men we never see,
No matter whether handsome, or ugly they be.

Song 170. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

Strephon, when you see me fly,
Why should that your fear create?
Maids may be as often shy,

Out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I fly away,
Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of Hatred run,
Less wou'd be my Pain and Care;
But, the Youth I love, to shun?

Who cou'd such a Trial bear?
Who, that such a Swain did see,
Who could love, and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go;
Gentle Love commands my stay;

Duty's still to Love a Foe;
Shall I this or that obey?

Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles;
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever, by this chrystal Stream,
I cou'd sit and see thee sigh,
Ravish'd with this pleasing Dream,
Oh! 'tis worse than Death to fly!

But the Danger is so great,
Fear gives wings instead of feet.

If you love me, *Stréphon*, leave me
If you stay, I am undone:

Oh

136 *The new Vocal Miscellany.*

Oh! you may with Ease deceive me ;
Prithee, charming Boy, be gone:
The Gods decree, that we must part ;
They have my Vow, but you my Heart.

Song 171. *Lumps of Pudding.*

THUS I stand, like a *Turk* with his *Doxies* all
round,
From all sides their Glances his Passion confound ;
For black, brown, and fair hfs Inconstancy burns,
And diff'rent Beauties subdue him by Turns ;
Each calls to her Charms, to provoke his Desires,
Tho' willing to all, but with one he retires:
Then think of this Maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow.

Song 172. *Bonny Dundee.*

THE charge is prepar'd, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all rang'd, (a terrible show!)
I go undismay'd—for Death is a Debt,
A Debt on demand, so take what I owe.
Then farewell my Love, dear Charmer adieu,
Contented I die,—'tis better for you:
Here end Disputes all the rest of our Lives,
For this way at once I please all my wives.

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